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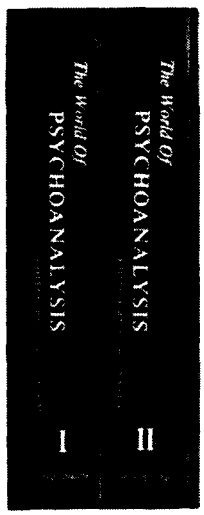

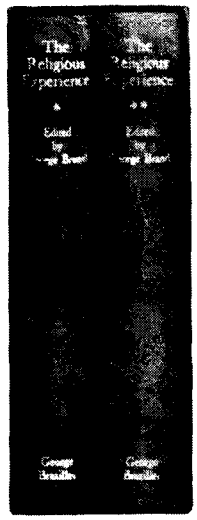

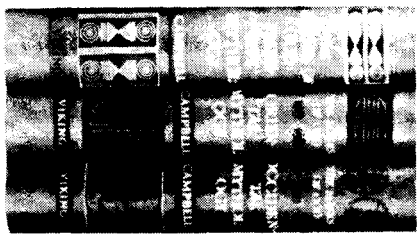

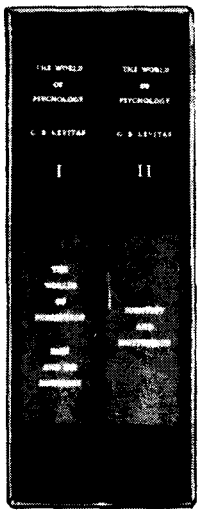

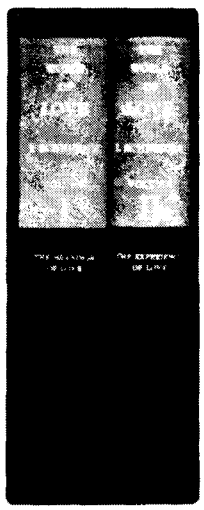

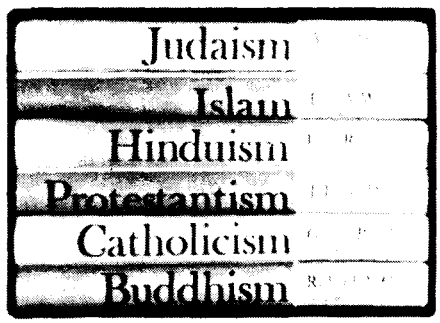

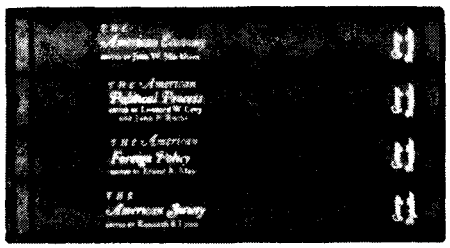

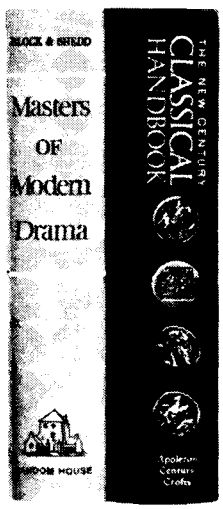

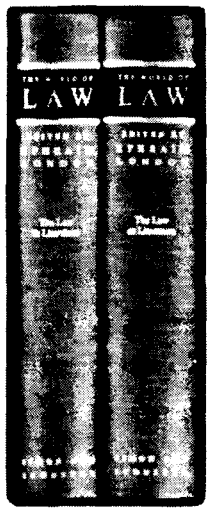

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

As Congress Reconvenes

★ As Congress meets next week the mood in Washington is disturbed and uneasy. To understand it let's put down a few dates.

President Johnson's last formal White House press conference was August 25. His operation was October 8. Congress quit October 23. The President's withdrawal, enforced and deliberate, was as startling in its way as the crashing silence when a trip-hammer stops. In the interim, tension has grown over Vietnam and over the economy.

It should be noted that Mr. Johnson, so far as this reporter can find, held only seven formal White House press conferences, announced a day in advance, throughout 1965. This is a low record in modern times. There have been a lot of partial, and generally unsatisfactory, publicity substitutes. With the absence of regular question-and-answer exposure (particularly in the last three months), and with the Administration's fixation on secrecy, a "credibility gap" has grown. Lack of confidence in the candor of the Administration is, unfortunately, widespread and competes with uncertainty over what is going on.

Anxiety over Vietnam grew during 1965 but we date the present phase from Secretary McNamara's latest statement, November 11, that more US troops would be necessary. Washington has been full of leaks since, possibly directed at confusing the public in order to make the bad news seem less bad when it comes. This technique has been used before. But the tension has increased during President Johnson's quasi-withdrawal.

Simultaneously there is strain on the economic front, paradoxically arising from the very success of the New Economics, and converging on Vietnam in the upcoming budget. This will be submitted around January 24 or later. Here the story goes back to February 1961. Then began one of the most extraordinary economic expansions in history, culminating symbolically in *Time's* putting John Maynard Keynes on its front cover last week. Heresy had become orthodoxy. And why not?

We have had one month short of five years of uninterrupted expansion – with little public attention. Suddenly, there is a "prosperity scare." This was triggered off by a single statistic culled by the Commerce Department. The statistic, a forecast, was available to the Federal Reserve Board December 3, and probably led to its hasty vote, four-to-three, to nudge the brake of tight money.

The statistic was published December 7 and revealed the intention of business to build an enormous amount of new plant and equipment during the months ahead. Such construction is a kind of flywheel of the whole economy; in 1965 the rate was around $51.8 billion, or about half the size of the federal budget. An earlier survey (by McGraw-Hill) indicated an eight percent rise next year; the Commerce Department said 15 percent.

Tide of Euphoria

★ The figure meant just one thing: business and industry are floating on a tide of euphoria. With prosperity bumping against the ceiling of capacity, business is fighting to keep up.

Since the Commerce Department forecast, the business analysts have frantically upped their 1966 predictions. The stepped-up cost of Vietnam, we think, is actually less important economically than the prospective binge in private investment. It means one thing: we have primed the pump.

Now the old argument begins again – We can't have social reform because of inflation. We must pull in our belts, retrench, "sacrifice"; the sacrifice will be made, as usual, at the expense of the poor. The Great Society is on the launching pad but don't start the countdown because we must put all our effort into the war. That's what they say, but we don't think it is like that, and we join MIT's Paul Samuelson in hoping that Fed chairman Martin won't "revert back to his anti-inflation paranoia of the 1950's, and overdo credit contraction."

There is a possibility of inflation, it's true; certainly the Administration's margin of maneuver has narrowed. Mr. Johnson may well decide to dampen the economy somewhat. Oddly enough, we now know a lot more about how to achieve a boom than how to keep it. But in this uncertain period we think it is a lot better to run the risk of some inflation (say a two or three percent price creep a year) than to halt social amelioration too soon. Congress is going to meet, of course, with cries of conservative alarm; actually a calm appraisal indicates that the economy has enough "give" in it to allow unemployment to be cut by another half million, or million. There is agonizing need for this to prevent more social explosions like Watts.

Return of the Leader

★ All in all, the new political year starts under unusual tension and excitement. Mr. Johnson's popularity remains high but has gone down a bit; it stands at about 62 percent, the lowest since he took office. Democratic leaders are glad to see him back; they had begun to worry. Republicans are beginning to perk up; they think they have the President trapped with Vietnam. More than ever this looks like the big issue for the fall election. The GOP will belabor him with it, of course, whatever happens.

We have no doubt that Mr. Johnson will dominate the news in the immediate future; he has three critical messages to deliver: the State of the Union, the Economic Report, and the Budget. We assume that he will be on every TV set and radio speaker. The country will be looking to see if he has his caged-tiger energy back again, and whether he has it under any better control. Mr. Johnson has made a fine record on the domestic front but he has achieved very little in foreign affairs. We guess that 1966 will be dominated by foreign affairs. This year, we imagine, will be the test of greatness for Mr. Johnson.

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Johnson's Choice

This country began bombing North Vietnam last February just as Soviet Premier Kosygin was visiting Hanoi. It would be nice to think the latest bombing pause, the new Soviet mission to Hanoi and the Averell Harriman mission to Warsaw and the surprise journey of Ambassador Goldberg to Rome to pay his respects to the Pope mean the Vietnam war is being de-escalated. But it could mean instead an eyeball confrontation with both Russia and China, increased Soviet military aid to Hanoi and entry into the war of a huge army of Chinese "volunteers." As of this writing, no one knows, not even those in the White House. The Russians may still be willing to help us save face, but not at the price of losing theirs in the Communist world, and only on conditions that don't amount to just pulling our chestnuts from the fire. The Chinese may prefer to scratch faces. China would like the war to continue a bit longer, so as to keep the Russians and Americans at loggerheads, and go on proclaiming Peking the revolutionary capital of the world and denouncing Moscow as soft on capitalism. But this holds two risks: China may willy-nilly be involved in the fighting, which Peking doesn't want if it can be avoided; and there may be limits to what Hanoi is prepared to endure. If the Russians can point out to Hanoi a way to a satisfactory peace, Soviet influence may replace Chinese influence in North Vietnam. So, after all, the choice is really President Johnson's, and it is not Hobson's choice. By putting his weight, now, on the side of negotiations that really offer the Viet Cong something – and resolutely ignoring all resulting handwringings by Secretary of State Rusk – Mr. Johnson might help Mr. Shelepin persuade Hanoi to a conference table and so perhaps get everybody off this bloody Vietnam hook. The President has every incentive to do so.

Because of the mounting war, Mr. Johnson despite his overwhelming electoral victory 14 months ago becomes more and more vulnerable politically. Senator Dirksen complains, "We have been in Vietnam too long, without getting results." The Republicans are prepared to sympathize with all who are or will become tired of the war, while retaining a right to administer a severe patriotic drubbing to anyone who suggests making peace with the Viet Cong. The President's political opponents also give themselves the option which they are beginning to exercise, of demanding in the name of financial orthodoxy a withdrawal from the domestic war on poverty and urban neglect, because the country can't afford both that war and Vietnam. The net result is

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that Lyndon Johnson, consummate politician though he is, finds himself in a number of binds.

To get "results" in Vietnam, Mr. Johnson has tried to break the back of the National Liberation Front by bombing, which has so far had the contrary effect of stiffening resistance. Then there is a "pause," which does not at all satisfy the adversary, since it wants the Americans to leave. But we cannot pull out, says the Administration, *even if we wanted to*, because we are *there*. Instead, we wish to negotiate, and are ready to do so, have we not said often enough? – only the enemy won't. But ready to negotiate what? There have to be discussions *about* something. Under constant questioning, Mr. Rusk and other Administration advisers have virtually admitted (some, less publicly, have boasted) that they won't discuss participation in a new South Vietnamese government by the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front – won't in fact, acknowledge that the Viet Cong has any right at all to help shape South Vietnam's future. General Ky and his foreign minister in Saigon go further: more than once they have said they are not interested in any sort of negotiations.

The reasoning here is that the National Liberation Front is only a disguise assumed by an "aggressor" – the Communist Party of North Vietnam – and that it does not command significant allegiance in the South. If so, can one explain why the Viet Cong are still at least 80 percent Southerners, not Northerners; or why they are willing to take so much punishment and keep on fighting; or why they are in control of about half the South's population and two-thirds of its countryside? If this doesn't entitle them to participate in a new South Vietnamese government, what would? How much of their control they owe to terror and how much to popular support is something that a negotiated settlement of this civil war would seek to ascertain. There is terror on both sides. *The London Times* reported December 18 that the Vietnamese crews of American-commanded patrol boats which seek to prevent arms reaching the Viet Cong by sea are tattooed "kill Communist," to discourage desertions to the enemy; and last month the Saigon government had to put down yet another rebellion among the tribal hill-folk, or Montagnards, who are not Communists.

What Kind of South Vietnam?

When Administration spokesmen place hand on heart and swear the other side won't come to the conference table, it is not with any intention to mislead. What they mean is that Hanoi and the Viet Cong seem willing to negotiate only on terms hitherto considered unacceptable – for example, recognition of the legitimacy of the National Liberation Front, and the withdrawal of foreign (American) forces. It is not yet certain whether Hanoi expects US withdrawal to come all at once, to precede, coincide with or follow negotiations. Nor is it clear how much thought has been given to the sort of cease-fire which in Korea opened the way to peace (to this day in Korea there is still only an armistice, now in its 13th year).

We will not get a cease-fire that amounts to more than a few days "truce" unless Mr. Johnson and his advisers have some firmer and more realistic notion of the kind of South Vietnam we would tolerate, in preference to destroying and killing indefinitely and inconclusively. Is it a South Vietnam in which the Viet Cong who control so much of the country and its population are forced to submit unconditionally? As the Viet Cong have now been fighting on and off for 20 years, they are unlikely to submit even to American power unless they are wiped out, which at the present rate of "body count" will take some time. Short of that, a South Vietnam in which the powerful National Liberation Front is outlawed from politics can be precariously maintained only by a perpetual American military presence of at least six fighting divisions. That presence would undoubtedly keep alive the fiction of a sovereign Saigon government, but it would also mark the US as colonial master who dare not leave, and dare not take his hand off his gun while he stays.

The Administration has displayed passing interest in a return to the Geneva agreement of 1954, which allowed the French to withdraw then, and which Ho Chi Minh and the Viet Cong are continually hinting about now. The 1954 agreement laid down that in July 1956 there would be elections, which the followers of Ho Chi Minh were confident of winning. To avoid this, the new South Vietnamese government which was set up in Saigon by this country's protégé, Ngo Dinh Diem, did not hold such elections. Nor do Mr. Johnson's advisers seem to think that elections could be safely held today; the risk of "losing" is too great. It is too great because the Administration has got obstinately lodged at the back of its head the "falling domino" theory.

As Mr. Eisenhower saw Asia in April 1954, the "fall" of Indochina would be followed by the "fall" of Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, India and possibly the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Formosa and Japan. Communism would become irresistible, however sensibly we conducted ourselves. The theory ignored the widening gulf of mutual dislike that now separates Russia and China, as well as the nationalistic character of Vietnamese Communism. It was not a theory that attracted President Kennedy. Two months before his death, Mr. Kennedy was not saying that if we did not fight in Vietnam we would just have to make a military stand somewhere else in Southeast Asia – which is Mr. McNamara's and Mr. Rusk's present line. Instead, he was saying in September 1963 that,

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"They're the ones [the South Vietnamese] who have to win or lose it. We can help them, give them equipment. We can send our men out there as advisers but they have to win it." In the last weeks of his life, Kennedy came so close to endorsing Senator Church's call for withdrawal of American aid and personnel from South Vietnam if things didn't improve, that Madame Nhu raged against him as an "appeaser." More than two years later, the Saigon government is as unstable as ever – but we are planning to have 300,000 or 400,000 American soldiers there; we have been raining bombs on North Vietnam; and we are now claiming the right to fight in Cambodia as well as South Vietnam and Laos.

The Fear of China

The final outcome of this long-drawn civil war, whichever way it goes, will have no decisive effect on Communist activities in Indonesia, Burma, Malaysia, Thailand and so forth. These are unrelated events. The blows recently rained on the Communist Party of Indonesia owe nothing to the way the tide is flowing in Vietnam, but are due to the Indonesian Communists' own blunders. Thailand will not be less threatened by Communist "subversion" if the Viet Cong suffer military reverses in Vietnam. (Some of them might then find it convenient to shift the scene of their activities, which however doesn't mean they would prevail in Thailand – that depends primarily on the Thais.) Administration officials know all this, and it is not the Viet Cong, or even the subversive attraction of the creed of Communism, that they fear. What they are trying to say is that *China* poses the serious threat, to Southeast Asia, to India, and ultimately to Japan and the whole of Asia; and that in Vietnam we have been fighting China on the cheap.

But this overlooks at least two things: Russia being herself an Asiatic power could not afford to let China overrun Asia; and, so far, India and Japan think so little of that threat that India despite her border quarrels with China wants no military alliance with the US, while Japan far from being reassured is made highly uneasy by our Vietnam policy. Further, US bombing of North Vietnam has tended to drag Russia in reluctantly against us, and we are running the risk of involvement in a land war on terms the most favorable to China and the most onerous to ourselves. A good case can be made for meeting a Chinese "threat," but not by what we are doing; not by military action but by accepting China into the United Nations – which the US may have to do this year whether we like it or not – and by patiently seeking ways of peaceful coexistence with China, as well as with Russia. The risks of such a policy are very far less than those we are running today and the possible gains much greater.

1966 is the year of decision. Mr. Johnson can either let Vietnam fill his horizon, consuming his energies and paralyzing his initiatives, or he can rescue this country from Vietnam's numbing and depressing weight. The latter course would set him free to discuss problems like nuclear proliferation with the Russian leaders and with General de Gaulle. As things are, the NATO alliance is quietly deflating, with endless discussions of unrealistic military goals, at the same time as Russia is put under severe temptation both to help Hanoi against us in Asia, and to stir up trouble again in Berlin. A cease-fire and settlement would also remove roadblocks to the Great Society; it would open the way to using America's strength to help raise into the 20th Century the poor (mainly non-white) countries that are increasingly resentful of the growing gap between their living standards and ours. That Mr. Johnson knows this is evidenced by such things as his interest in the Mekong River development plan, and by our food shipments to India; but American good intentions are constantly belied as well as sidetracked by the war. How many Asians swallow our protestations that we want only to assist them to a better life, when they read or hear about the bombing and burning of peasant huts and fields? Even our European friends, some of them approving, some not, regard us as being well launched on a new adventure in white imperialism. A declara-

"New Year's Eve Truce, Anyone?"

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tion published on December 17, 1965 in *Die Zeit* and signed by 200 leading West German scholars, writers, and artists is indicative of an opinion that gets little publicity in our press. It states in part:

> "The conflict is developing more and more into a war of the US against the Vietnamese people. According to leading American military men, the point of the operation is not only the destruction of the Viet Cong but, simultaneously, testing of new arms and techniques for the repression of popular risings in other parts of the world. The Viet Cong constitute a national and social movement for the liberation of South Vietnam, composed above all of the peasant population and the urban intelligentsia. . . . Only the fact of intervention in the war by the US, with the entire superiority of its technical potential, threatens to compel the Vietnamese to place themselves under the Chinese influence they have traditionally feared. The American intervention increases the danger of a full-scale war in Asia, which could easily lead to a third world war. At the same time it is the basis for a racial conflict whose ultimate consequences are impossible to foretell. . . . We reject the moral and financial support of the Vietnamese war by the German Federal Government."

This journal has no desire to see Asia "taken over by the Communists." But an effective countersubversion campaign in Asia must be (a) Asian and nationalist, and (b) reformist. The first rules out a dominant on-the-spot US military influence; the second requires rapid and progressive Asian development, which in turn requires vast new investment. A war on poverty in Asia cannot be made in America, but it should be noted that the dollars being consumed by building huge US military installations in Asia would go a long way to underwriting a profound social and economic regeneration.

We have not given up hope that this acceleration toward a major Asian war can be reversed in 1966 – if the Administration is willing to give more serious consideration to Ho Chi Minh's proposals than it has so far done. Granted that many South Vietnamese Catholics and Buddhists are at least as opposed to a Communist regime as they so often have been to the successive regimes in Saigon, perhaps some refugee plan could be worked out for them, on the lines of what we offered Cubans wanting to get away from Castro. But a Communist-dominated Vietnam need not be merely a tool of China. (Mr. Rusk once dismissed China itself as a "slave of Russia," and almost at once turned out to be a rash and unnecessarily gloomy prophet.) These are some of the things Mr. Johnson surely ponders as he ruefully watches his cherished projects at home and abroad risk going up in smoke in the Vietnam blaze. The time for salvaging action is now.

A Visit with U Thant

"I Do Not Think It Will Be a Long War"

United Nations

At six a.m., the Secretary General of the United Nations rises and shortly thereafter goes to his meditation room to prepare himself for the day. This "capacity for spiritual recreation and strength," as a UN colleague describes it, is immediately evident. U Thant emanates calm and simplicity. An inward quietness makes it possible for him to listen to others without that underlay of preconception, of emotional and intellectual prejudgment, which can obstruct communication in less "cleansed" and disciplined men. "You are very conscious of this openness, this fair deliberation," says a member of his staff. "It is not a question of 'neutrality' – after all, any man of moral integrity must have consistent values – so much as the capacity to understand and weigh opposing views without prejudice." It is a view shared by Communists and non-Communists, by Asians as well as Europeans, who mention his total discretion as another reason for their trust in U Thant; this and his constant accessibility from 10 in the morning until 10 at night – or well past that if the debates drag on.

The reception room through which his visitors and assistants pass is decorated in "unaligned" or bureaucrat beige, and lit by invisible sources which cast a uniform and featureless light on two large green plants, a Pissarro landscape, Redon's "Chariot of Apollo" and a pre-Colombian head. The Secretary General's own office is equally neutral in color, except for a Renoir landscape. (He has a fondness for French impressionists.)

Had he understood Dag Hammarskjold's *Markings* and did the book surprise him?

"Yes, it did surprise me. I did not have the opportunity to know him well, but what I saw of his personality and actions gave little indication of what he wrote there. No, I do not think I can say I understood *Markings*."

Did he feel in his job the same loneliness, the inability to communicate with others closely?

U Thant smiled and said he did not. Assuming this might be due to his Buddhist training and disciplines, I asked whether his daily meditations took a specific, ritual form: "No. It is primarily a question of emptying the mind, of shutting out the five senses, so as to arrive at a complete detachment."

Yet any image of U Thant as a joyless ascetic, renouncing the pleasures of the world, is dispelled by the

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testimony of his associates. "He is very fond of art and music, appreciates good food (his private lunches in his suite at the UN are excellent), and gets a great kick out of humor – funny stories, wit, good jokes. We like to pass a few of them on to him each day."

His inviolate Sundays, his only free day in the week, are spent in a big sprawling house overlooking the Hudson River at Riverdale with his wife, his sociologist daughter and her husband, who is an Assistant Professor of Aeronautics at Manhattan College, and a young Burmese adopted after his own son was killed in a car crash in Burma two years ago.

The demands of his work preclude any social life, or, for that matter, any of the myriad diplomatic parties UN members give and attend. "If I go to one, I must go to all – so I must confine myself to meetings with heads of state at official functions." Then, too, Madame Thant is extremely shy and speaks no English.

The Secretary General's own command of English is exceptional. Former Ambassador Marietta Tree says that she knows no foreign diplomat with as intimate a knowledge of the American idiom. He reads voraciously both the English and American press, and when I asked him whether he thought that on the whole the American press has reported the situation in Vietnam fairly, he said yes, some of it – but particularly *The New York Times*. What of the series written on Vietnam by the English correspondent, James Cameron? "A high-ranking British diplomat in Washington," I said, "claims that Cameron has pink-tinted spectacles."

"No," he replied, "I consider Cameron to be one of the most perceptive political analysts now writing." He then praised Walter Lippmann as the wisest of our commentators on foreign affairs.

In U Thant's speeches, one theme is repeated again and again. "Let me be candid," he wrote in 1958. "When American foreign policy did concern itself with what was happening in the rest of the world, it did so out of fear and suspicion – fear of Communism and suspicion of Communist motives. Fear and suspicion are very undesirable states of mind. They breed hatred, and hatred in turn breeds cruelty and intolerance. Fear of Soviet Communism has led the United States, and those who follow her lead, to take a distorted view of the world situation, and of the forces that are at work in modern society. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I look upon free institutions as not only the most desirable of political systems, but also as those most congenial to the flowering of human genius. But these institutions are threatened not only by political dictatorships. The resistance to social and economic change *inside* our own societies, undermining the faith of the masses in their own power, can be equally deadly."

And: "I believe that one of the major tasks of education in our changing times is to create in the young the willingness to tolerate differences of opinion and the desire to try to understand different points of view. There was a time not so long ago when religious fanaticism was so great that the hatred of the Saracen for the Christian was no less than that of the Christian for a heretic in his own faith. It is only during the last century or so that religious tolerance has more and more come into its own. Today what we need to do is to practice the cult of political tolerance so as to reach the goal of ideological coexistence, as the first imperative of survival on our planet. Because truly the only alternative to coexistence is no-existence."

"You know," he tells a visitor, "I was once a paranoid anti-Communist myself, in Burma, in the years after the war. [He was variously Press Director of his government, Director of Broadcasting, Secretary in the Ministry of Education and Executive Secretary of Burma's Economic and Social Board before he became in 1957 Permanent Representative of Burma to the UN.] But a great deal has changed in these years, and the increasing liberalization within the Soviet Union and other Communist countries has made generalizations about Communism no longer valid."

According to a member of the Soviet bloc, U Thant himself has changed since he became part and then head of the international body. "He has truly acquired a world view – he sees the whole picture as fairly as anyone can. More than Hammarskjold, who was, inevitably, the product of Western civilization and, inevitably, the spokesman for it. U Thant does not speak for either East or West, he speaks for all people."

When I asked the Secretary General whether he could maintain his belief in the liberalization of Communism in the face of Communist China, he said, "They are many years behind, they are where Russia was forty years ago"; they will have to pass through a phase, which might be difficult and dangerous for all, before they too modify their doctrine.

He is disturbed by what he feels is a declining morality in the West and by its emphasis on technology and intellect at the expense of feeling and wisdom. When I asked whether he was equally conscious, in American society, of an increasing underlay of violence, he nodded. "Yet I suppose on the whole I am an optimist"; then, later: "As for the war in Vietnam: I do not think it will be a long war. It will be short – or we will have World War III."

His closest associates believe U Thant's chances for reelection next November are "very good." The only other candidates under possible consideration – two from African states, one from Latin America – were virtually ruled out as lacking either the stature or the experience.

I asked U Thant what he would like to do when he is no longer Secretary General: "I would like to write, to teach. . . . You know, I was a teacher in Burma before I joined the government . . . but mainly, to write."

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But it doesn't look as if he were going to do that for a while. The job he has – perhaps the most sensitive and demanding in the world – is not easily filled. Its occupant must aspire to the vision of Aristophanes:

"From the murmur and subtlety of suspicion
with which we vex one another,
Give us rest.
Make a new beginning,
And mingle again the kindred of the nations
in the alchemy of love,
And with some finer essence of forbearance
Temper our mind."

Marya Mannes

Wealth Off the Shores

For nearly 200 years the nation's coastal waters were thought of as something the federal government policed and for which it supplied and maintained navigation aids, harbors and channels. The coastal states never dreamed of challenging federal jurisdiction or financial responsibility.

Then came the mineral discoveries. Relatively little of the vast continental shelf – a million square miles – has been thoroughly explored, but known offshore resources total one-third of all known gas and oil reserves. The states bestirred themselves. Twice they got Congress to pass bills allowing them to scoop up these adjacent riches. One would have permitted inland states to claim ownership of anything found under riverbeds. Twice President Truman blocked the give-aways by veto.

In 1952, candidate Adlai Stevenson refused to support surrender of this mineral wealth by the federal government. Candidate Eisenhower disagreed, and the following year Congress passed, and the new President signed, a law ceding to the coastal states their sea margins out to their "historic boundaries." Suddenly, there was a revolution of rising expectations. Texas claimed a 140-mile-wide expanse of the Gulf; the California claim was a little less sweeping. The Supreme Court held, however, that "historic boundaries" mean only out to the familiar three-mile limit, save in the case of Texas and Florida, where it was expanded to three leagues or 10.5 statute miles.

Nature is indifferent to legal boundaries and most deposits worth developing, whether of oil, gas, salt or potash, have been found outside these state limits. The case of Louisiana, where they lie as close to the shore as beads on a string, is the exception so far.

California argued that the island chain off Southern California (some of the islands are 50 miles out) is her real geographic limit, and that therefore state jurisdiction ran to three miles beyond the islands. The Supreme Court last year made short work of this claim and also ruled that California's large inlets, save for Monterey Bay, are federal waters beyond their three-mile limits.

The prospect is thus for steadily-increasing federal revenue from offshore minerals. Since 1950, offshore leasing has yielded nearly $800 million. Revenue from this source has increased five times since 1959, excluding claims in dispute. Marion Clawson and Burnell Held, authors of *The Federal Lands* think the Treasury's intake may approach a billion dollars yearly by 1980. Worldwide, the offshore areas seem promising. One geological authority estimates that one-sixth of the free world's oil and gas reserves are here.

Recovery technology is also improving. A few years ago the depth through which drilling could be successful was estimated at 100 feet. Now exploration apparently can probe the whole shelf down to 600 feet, its usually accepted outer limit. Someday undersea domes may cover forests of pumps, and may connect to the shore by pipeline or even vehicular tunnels. Liquid sulphur is already pumped several miles to shore along the bottom from a mine off Louisiana.

Roscoe Fleming

More About Thalidomide

by James Ridgeway

Thalidomide never got on the market in the United States largely because of the obstinacy of Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, the Food and Drug Administration's medical officer, who had seen reports from other countries of side effects, and who demanded more information from Wm. S. Merrell Co., the manufacturer, before she would clear the drug for distribution in this country.

Nonetheless, she was under continuous pressure to pass out thalidomide from the time the new drug application was filed September 12, 1960 until it was finally withdrawn after its effects on unborn children were made plain in March 1962. The story of the efforts to

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get the drug approved by the FDA is only gradually becoming known.

Before a drug could go on the market, the manufacturer was required to furnish the FDA with certain information gathered from clinical investigations. In the case of thalidomide there appear to have been about 50 physicians who tested the drug for more than a four-month period; all in all, more than 1,000 doctors had been sent experimental samples.

One of the early clinical investigators in this country was Dr. Ray O. Nulsen, an obstetrician of Cincinnati, Ohio. He began testing thalidomide on pregnant patients in the late spring of 1959, and continued to do so until instructed to stop in late 1961. Dr. Nulsen is listed as the author of one of the two or three articles published involving the drug's possible effect on unborn children, and for this reason his article aroused unusual interest. It appeared in the June 1961 issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. It states that thalidomide had no deleterious effect upon the babies delivered of mothers he studied who had been receiving thalidomide late in pregnancy. Dr. Kelsey remembers that the drug company made references both to the Nulsen article and to the research that stood behind it, in its diligent quest for approval of this new drug; still, she was wary of the claims. The crucial period for deformities was early, not late pregnancy. Dr. Kelsey went back to the company for more information concerning this period.

Dr. Nulsen is now the defendant along with Richardson-Merrell (The Wm. S. Merrell Co. is a division of Richardson-Merrell), in two million-dollar damage suits brought by two Ohio women who claim the doctor gave them thalidomide in early pregnancy. Both women gave birth to deformed children. Attorneys for both the doctor and the company have generally denied the allegations.

It should be pointed out, however, that Merrell has yet to tell its own side of the story. In its favor it might cite the testimony at a House antitrust subcommittee hearing of independent experts who stated that the malformation attributed to thalidomide was a new and unexpected side effect. Indeed, in a letter addressed "To all Physicians" on August 10, 1962, Merrell describes chronologically the company's association with the drug and its precautionary action when possible ill-effects were brought to its attention.

In June 1964 Craig Spangenberg, attorney for the women, took the deposition of Dr. Nulsen. This document, which has just come to light, provides an interesting view of the way research into new drugs is conducted in this country.

Over the years Dr. Nulsen had done clinical research in experimental drugs for several large firms, including Merrell. On April 20, 1959, Dr. Raymond C. Pogge, then director of Merrell's department of medical research, wrote Dr. Nulsen a letter asking whether he would be interested in testing a new sedative, "rather widely used in Europe for the symptomatic treatment of nervous tension." (Thalidomide then was called MER-32, and in Canada, Kevadon.) Dr. Pogge wrote, "I am anxious to confirm (or refute) in a statistically significant manner the claim that it is a useful preparation for the control of nervous tension associated with allergic disorders, cardiovascular disease, obstetrical and gynecologic conditions, gastrointestinal disease and a wide variety of ailments." He wanted to interest a small group of investigators in testing the product. Specifically, he wanted each investigator to select 20 patients suffering from almost any type of nervous tension and treat half of them with thalidomide and the other half with a placebo tablet. (A placebo is a medication which has no medicinal value.)

The Testing Program

Dr. Nulsen agreed to the testing program. Dr. Pogge was encouraged by the initial results, and the studies were later expanded. Dr. Nulsen said he never received any fees for his test work on thalidomide, no fees or honorarium for his subsequent article.

"I note, doctor," Spangenberg said in taking Dr. Nulsen's deposition, "that he [Dr. Pogge] asked you to start testing promptly and to send in reports. Do you have copies of the reports you sent in?"

"No, it was all verbal," Dr. Nulsen replied.

Dr. Nulsen later said he had passed on the testing information to Dr. Pogge "by telephone, or it may have been that we had lunch together, or it may have been we played golf."

Spangenberg asked Dr. Nulsen about the details of his research:

Q. When you started giving patients doses of thalidomide at the hour of sleep, Dr. Nulsen, did you keep a record of who these patients were?

A. Yes.

Q. And how much you gave them?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you have any means of making any direct observation from the patients? By that I mean this, I know some clinical researchers wrote papers in which they said they would give the drug and every 30 minutes they would look at the patient and make some physical observation on what the patient seemed to be doing.

A. No, this was done, the people took these in their own home.

Q. And would report back to you how often?

A. When they would come in for a visit or if they would call, by phone.

Q. Did you obtain consent from the patients in written form during this clinical investigation?

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A. No.

But Dr. Nulsen explained, "We didn't give people this thing against their will. We always explained to them that this was something we were trying and it wasn't obtained, it couldn't be obtained in the drugstore, and that they should let me know how they liked it, how it worked."

By late 1960, Dr. Nulsen said, he had given thalidomide to some 81 pregnant women in their last trimester. This period of pregnancy was of particular interest to Merrell since it is a time women often are unable to sleep because of the discomfort. He had a list of the patients' names, and although they had not been observed in the use of the drug, the doctor had recorded from their later comments how they felt. Most of them said they had a good night's sleep. As he remembered it, there may have been one instance of side effects after taking the drug.

"Who Wrote the Article?"

This information eventually was pulled together in an article published under Dr. Nulsen's name in the June 1961 issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, the title was "Trial of Thalidomide in Insomnia Associated with the Third Trimester." It was a rather detailed four-page technical paper, laced with footnotes, which went over past research on thalidomide before discussing the doctor's own work. Its thrust was summed up in the final sentence: "Thalidomide is a safe and effective sleep-inducing agent which seems to fulfill the requirements outlined in this paper for a satisfactory drug to be used late in pregnancy."

In taking the doctor's deposition, Spangenberg asked him: "Who wrote the article, Dr. Nulsen?"

Dr. Nulsen replied, "Dr. Pogge. I supplied him with all the information."

Plans for the article apparently had been underway for some time. In a letter dated January 25, 1960, Dr. Pogge had written, "Dear Ray, Many thanks . . . . for the splendid collection of 102 Kevadon reports received this morning. I think that I can have a very rough draft which we can go over together if it is convenient for you to have lunch with me on Thursday. . . .

"In order to refer to your work in the handy file card, the text of which is included in the New Drug Application, I will need a very short note stating that you will authorize me to cite your Kevadon data as 'To Be Published.' After the journal has actually accepted your paper then I would like very much to have your permission to purchase reprints." (The *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* states that "Neither the editors nor the publisher accept responsibility for the views and statements of authors as published in their original communications.")

The article contained a diagram of thalidomide's chemical structure. Spangenberg asked Dr. Nulsen about it:

Q. Now at the time you submitted the article and the diagram printed in it, did you really know what that diagram meant?

A. No, I can't say I knew exactly what it meant so far as its chemical name was concerned or the breakdown. . . .

At another point the attorney asked:

Q. All right. In your article you cite many other researchers, and I will confess, if I may, when I asked you if you read German, your article cites about a half a dozen German magazines and German texts. (Dr. Nulsen had said earlier in the questioning that while he studied German in college he no longer read it.) Did you ever read these articles?

A. No. That was supplied to me.

Q. You also cite Mandarino, another doctor, and footnote the citation, and the footnote reads, 'To Be Published.' Did you ever see his article?

A. I don't remember having seen it.

Spangenberg later asked: "There was another sentence in this same article . . . there you are saying: 'Studies on the metabolism, fate, and tissue distribution of thalidomide are being conducted with radioactive material but the data have not been published.' This was information that was given you by Merrell and written in the article by Merrell, true?

A. Yes.

Q. Did they ever give you information on the metabolism and tissue distribution of thalidomide? By 'they' I mean did Merrell ever give you that information?

A. Not that I know of. I believe not.

On March 7, 1961, Dr. Nulsen wrote the drug company he had given between 500 and 750 patients thalidomide. Two hundred and fifty of these took the drug because they were unable to sleep. The remainder had taken doses for anxiety and tension or nervous indigestion with nausea. This group of patients would have taken the drug for a period of from one to three months, he said. An additional group of from 400 to 500 patients took an aspirin and thalidomide compound as needed for a variety of discomforts. He said none of these patients showed any symptoms of peripheral neuritis, a side effect that was reported in late December 1960 in the British Medical Journal.

In his deposition, Dr. Nulsen said he did not keep any detailed records of the number of pills he had received from Merrell, nor the exact totals he had dispensed. He could not remember how many the company had given him all told. Spangenberg asked him for more details on the testing records:

Q. In the Kevadon program generally, doctor, there were certain report forms that the doctors were supposed to send, a standard form, or a standard form of

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case report form that would list a patient's name or initials, the age, the drug used, the dose used, and then a table of checklists as to whether it is better than the barbiturate or equal to it or less effective, whether side effects were experienced, and the indications for its use, that is, the reason you give it, associated with or resulting from a list of disorders, including obstetrical conditions. Are you familiar with that report form?

A. We never filled out – so far as I know, I believe we never filled out anything like that so far as Kevadon is concerned, but we did fill out something like that for MRD-640 (an aspirin compound containing thalidomide).

Spangenberg asked: "Doctor, you recall your article, which you said they wrote for you in draft form, listed a study of cases, and as I remember reading that article, there was quite a bit of detail as to the age groups and the effects and percentages of those who got as good relief and so forth. What kind of reporting or written detail was there to support those statements in the draft of the article Merrell wrote?"

"I don't remember," Dr. Nulsen said. "It may have been we filled out these original report things Dr. Pogge suggested or it may have been I put figures down on paper and stuck it in my pocket and gave those figures at lunch one time. I don't remember."

Since thalidomide the Kefauver amendments have helped tighten new drug testing procedures. The circumstances under which Dr. Nulsen's "clinical investigation" were carried out, however, have not altogether changed. As Congressman L. H. Fountain's hearings last year disclosed, drug companies still ghostwrite articles for doctors, and medical journals publish them, without making clear their origin. The FDA now has authority to veto a drug company's plan of clinical investigation into new drugs if it does not seem adequate. But in practice the FDA is short-staffed and may well not get around to examining the details of a new drug investigation until the product is on the market. There is little to ensure the investigators themselves have sufficient background in the research they undertake. And a doctor's patients still need not even be told they are the guinea pigs for a new drug. Under federal law, this is unnecessary if, in the "investigator's professional judgment, [it] is contrary to the best interests of the subjects."

Dollars (15,000) for Democrats

Of all the honored rules of American politics, the ones setting limits and restrictions on campaign contributions are the most consistently, and casually, breached. The Hatch Act says a party committee can raise or spend no more than $3 million a year; so in 1964, 107 national-level committees operated to get up the $29 million both parties (officially) blew on their national campaigns. Law decrees, too, that neither corporations nor unions can contribute to elections, but there are thousands of technical ways around the proscription, and most of them are used.

In all, Americans spent about $200 million on politics in 1964 – an expense item that might fall somewhere between entertainment and education, if deductible on a tax return. Unfortunately, it is not – at least in the form of outright contributions to political committees. That does not stop the fund-raisers. Corporate "advertising" is still a deductible expense, and late last year, the Democratic National Committee "sold" 66 pages of advertising, at $15,000 a page, to major American companies to promote their wares, or their images, or their interests, in a book called *Toward an Age of Greatness*. The purpose of the project is to raise funds for Democratic candidates, and it appears that it will be entirely successful, probably netting the party a million dollars or so for the 1966 campaign.

Exactly what advertising benefit the 178-page book will produce is unclear. By curious coincidence, most of the advertisers happen to be inordinately interested in government policy: as defense suppliers, or objects of regulatory commission interest, or contractors of one kind or another, or simply as huge elements of an economy which is increasingly government-controlled. Lockheed, Grumman, Douglas aircraft companies are in the book; so are Pan American, Eastern, TWA, American airlines; so are Ford, General Motors, Chrysler.

The books were copied after the enormously profitable national convention programs the Democrats published in 1964; it contained ads (also at $15,000 a page) and raised about $1.5 million to help defray the $2 million the convention cost. *Toward an Age of Greatness* is to be distributed at a series of movie "premieres" staged across the country for the help of congressional candidates. The movies vary. Some congressmen have had *Thunderball*, the new 007 film. Rep. David S. King, the Democratic congressman from Salt Lake City, Utah, got *The Heroes of Telemark* (he sold 900 tickets at $10 a single, $15 a couple).

But from embarrassment or muddle, the books have not been arriving in time for all the premieres. Okla-

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homans, for instance, got something called "Keep Oklahoma Moving Forward," instead of the national publication. It carried advertising from state firms. Rep. Charles L. Weltner, of Georgia, reckoned his constituents would see the book unsympathetically as a gimmick, and refused to pass it out at his premiere of *Thunderball* in Atlanta ($15 a ticket).

Weltner may have looked good with the voters, but he had to fight off Democratic Committee functionaries, who were humiliated at the rejection. After all, they had thoughtfully provided a little slot for congressmen to put their photographs, and another pocket for instructions in local voting laws. The book, which proclaims the marvels of the Democratic political program, could do nothing but good, and besides, they had promised the advertisers a wide distribution.

On the other hand, the advertisers were reaching their major market most effectively merely by signing their checks. Although no coercion was ever used, it probably occurred to the proper executives in the proper companies that $15,000 directed at the White House might be as well spent as $15,000 aimed at the three million subscribers to *Time* (space rates in both publications are about the same).

Doubts the companies may have had about the legality of it all were dispelled by a memorandum prepared by Richard C. O'Hare, an attorney with the firm of Corcoran, Foley, Youngman and Rowe (the Corcoran is the President's good friend and so is the Rowe). The official line was that the booklet would benefit *nonpartisan* "voter education committees" set up, spontaneously or something, in the various states. In the lawyer's opinion, the committees would "encourage the most effective use of the republican process of government by assisting in the achievement of the maximum popular participation therein . . . without regard to political party."

Such stirring sentiments did not exactly jibe with a memo sent earlier in the year to Democratic congressmen from the Democratic National Committee staff. According to Walter Pincus, who has made a fine profession of probing money and politics for the *Washington Evening Star*, the congressmen were told that the "voter education committees" would be "pointed to the election and reelection of congressional candidates which support the Democratic views of the Committee," and that the nonpartisan committees would include National Committee staff workers.

Quite apart from possible problems with the law (Section 610 of Title 18 of the *United States Code*) which prohibits corporations from contributing to the election campaign of a US representative, there is some question whether the tax people will let the firms take the cost of the ads off their returns. If they do, it will amount to an indirect subsidy of political campaigns by the government. That may not be such a bad idea, or so some political theorists believe, although in the present form the process of "subsidy" is rather whimsical. But there is a movement for reform of campaign financing, based on the assumptions that the present restrictions are both unreasonable and unenforceable, and that it is in the interests of democratic government to broaden participation in politics, in contributing as well as working.

After his election, President Kennedy set up a bipartisan Commission on Campaign Costs, which was charged with recommending improvements in the law and practice of financing Presidential campaigns. Kennedy had come out of his election with a $3.8 million deficit in the Democratic kitty, and the energies required for fund-raising were draining the whole political effort. The Commission at length produced a set of recommendations – including tax credits for small contributions, and tax deductions for larger ones, the removal on ceilings for contributions and expenditures, and tightened procedures for reporting finances. Kennedy submitted the proposals to Congress, which did nothing. President Johnson did not even bother to resubmit them.

In many ways, the Commission's recommendations no longer suit the Democrats. The regime of Richard Maguire as treasurer of the National Committee (he left last month) was a bumper era for the party's finances. The "President's Club" ($1,000 minimum membership) has grown to about 4,000, the ad books were published, and the electoral success of the party and the Johnson-Goldwater campaign turned the customary pattern of party contributions on its head. Now, the Democrats get most of their money in large sums; the Republicans have spread their base of contributors very thin, and they would be favored by small tax benefits.

Campaign contributors have always had political leverage – the biggest have a way of turning up on Honors Lists. Maxwell H. Gluck gave $26,500 to the Republicans before the 1956 elections and became ambassador to Ceylon. One donor, who with his wife gave $20,000 to the Democrats in 1960, got a full Presidential pardon from Kennedy in 1962 for a mail fraud conviction.

More than that, reliance on the very richest individuals and corporations for political success necessarily limits the flexibility of policy a party or an official can employ. Politics, like education, suffers most when it is in the hands of the very few. For a long time, government has been subsidizing education (tax deductions for contributors, tax freedom for institutions, preferential radio and television licenses, and outright grants). Some of the same might be done for politics (free TV time could cut campaign costs by a third). At the moment, the alternative seems to be bigger and bigger program books and advertising sales.

ANDREW KOPKIND

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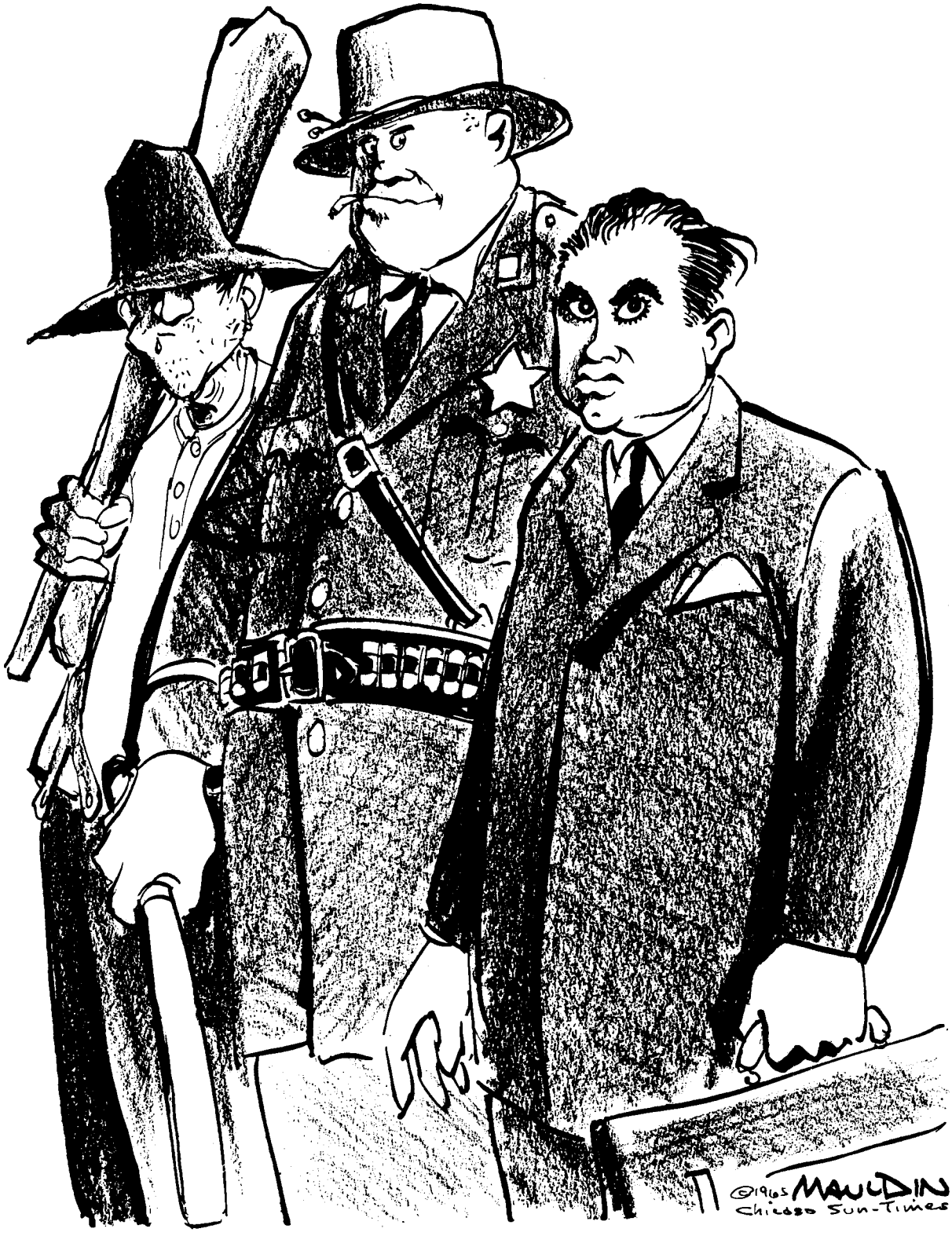
1965 as it looked to MAULDIN



Champions of the Master Race

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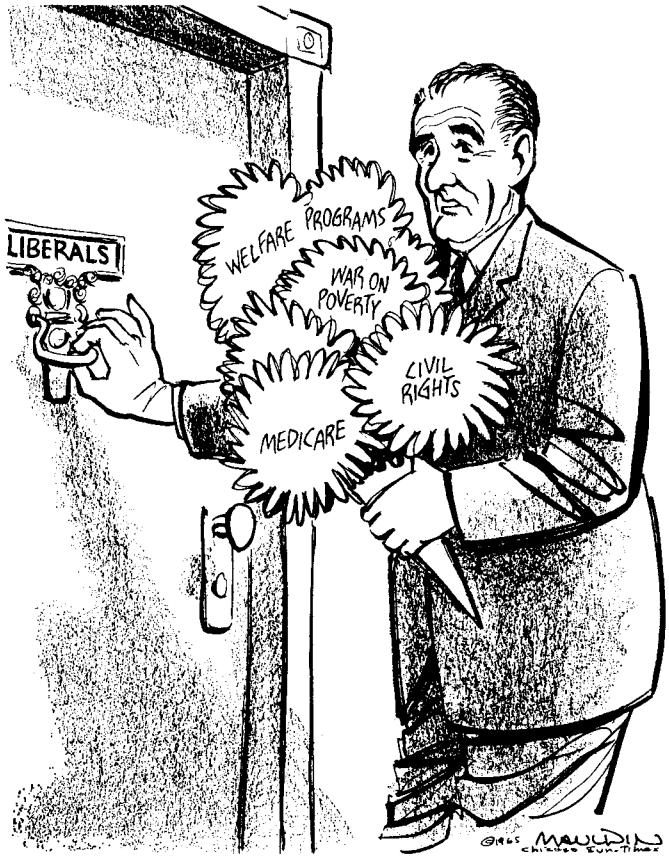
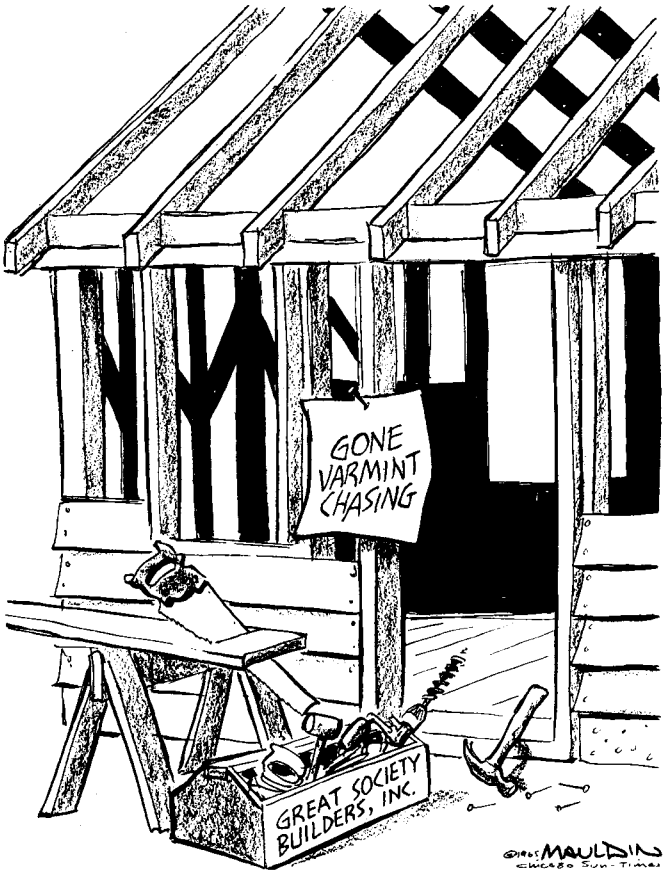
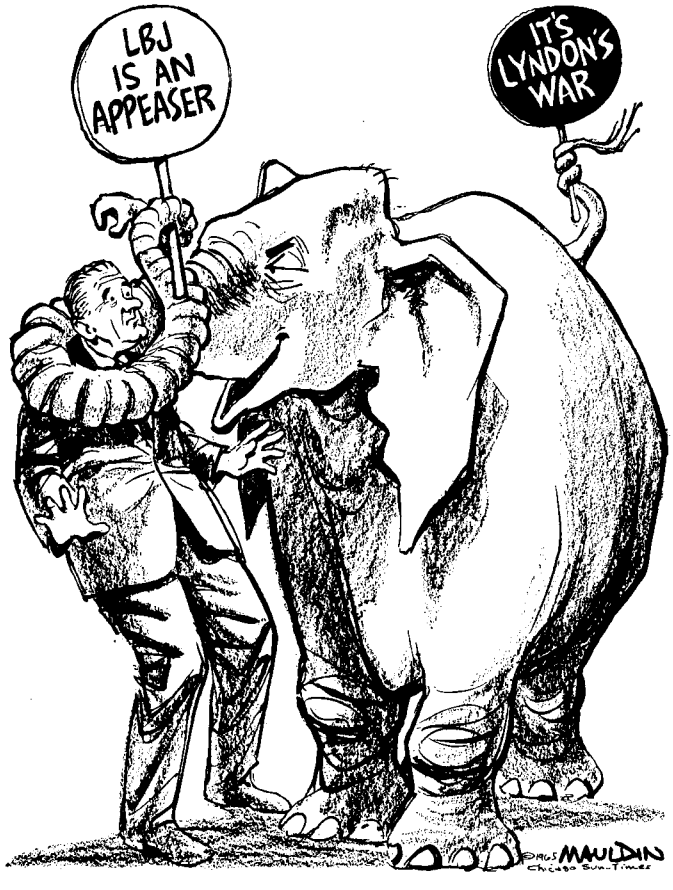
"Who's Winning – the Forces of Freedom or the People's Democracies?"



". . . But She Told Me She Loved Flowers . . ."





"Heads, I Win – Tails, You Lose."

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"It's Getting So Bad That Even People Are Complaining."

"It Followed Me Home. Can I Keep It?"

"Well, I'll Be Darned. Inside This Box There's Another Box . . ."

(Redrawn by request)

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THOUGHTS OF THE YOUNG RADICALS

In Northern slums, Southern towns and on university campuses, a new sort of political style and thought has emerged – romantic yet pragmatic, opposed to bureaucracy but not to socialism, peace-minded though rarely pacifist, non-Communist but anti-Cold War. The New Republic *has invited a number of these "new radicals" to say what they think, responding in particular to four questions: (1) Do you think that a "consensus" is now operating in the United States favorable to social progress (material, cultural, moral)? If not, why not? (2) Where, precisely, do you think our society has gone wrong, and with what portents for the future? (3) What is your prescription? (4) What hopeful developments do you see around you or around the corner? This is the third in a series of personal statements to be published in these pages.*

Who Is Qualified?

by Stokely Carmichael

> "[Poverty] is no longer associated with immigrant groups with high aspirations; it is identified with those whose social existence makes it more and more difficult to break out into the larger society. At the same time, the educational requirements of the economy are increasing."
>
> – MICHAEL HARRINGTON, *The Other America*

Lowndes County, Alabama

I wouldn't be the first to point out the American capacity for self-delusion. One of the main reasons for the criticism of American society by the Students for Democratic Society, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and other groups is that our society is *exclusive* while maintaining that it is *inclusive*. Although automation has prompted some rethinking about the Alger myth and upward mobility, few people are realistic about the ways in which one legally can "make it" here – or who can make it.

The real ways are three: by having money, by knowing the right people, and by education. The first two methods cannot be acknowledged by most of our citizens or our government because they are not available to everyone and we want to think that everyone has equal opportunity in the United States. Therefore, Americans compensate themselves by saying that at least there is education, and that is available to anyone who cares enough.

The panacea for lack of opportunity is education, as is the panacea for prejudice. But just how available is it? If every 16-year-old in the nation was motivated to attend high school, he could not: there are not enough schools, not enough physical space. As for college, less than one-quarter of the population ever gets there. The financial barrier is too high; even the cheapest state college charges fees which are impossible for the poor. Scholarships serve only the gifted. To make matters worse, many universities and colleges are already fighting off the mob by making entry more difficult: City College in New York, for example, has raised the academic average required for acceptance by several points. It is getting harder, not easier, for the poor to be included here. For the Negro, there is an additional problem. He is not psychologically attuned to think of college as a goal. Society has taught him to set short sights for himself, and so he does.

Hard work was once considered a fourth way to climb the ladder, and some Americans still see it as a possibility. Automation should have buried that once and for all: you can't start as an elevator operator and move up to be the president of the company, because there are – or soon will be – buttons instead of operators. Actually, the hard work method was finished off before automation – but until today only a handful of social critics had the nerve to say that ours was a nation of classes. You have to start ahead of the pack to make that climb.

Think now of the Southern Negro, driven off the land in increasing numbers today, coming to the Northern city. He can hardly be compared to previous immigrants, most of whom brought skills with them. Others took menial work until they could save up and open "a little shop." The Southern Negro arrives; is he to pick cotton in Manhattan? He finds the menial work automated and the "little shop" gobbled up by supermarkets. He is, in fact, unemployable – from the Missis-

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sippi Delta to Watts. As for finding work in the new factories of the "changing South," he can forget it; if anything, those factories will be more automated than others. As for education, he probably cannot even read or write because Southern Negro elementary schools are that bad. You have to pass tests to get into college; he doesn't even have the education to get an education. Civil rights protest has not materially benefited the masses of Negroes; it has helped those who were already just a little ahead. The main result of that protest has been an opening up of the society to Negroes who had one of the criteria for upward mobility. Jobs have opened up, but they are mainly the jobs on Madison Avenue or Wall Street – which require education. Housing has opened up, but mainly in the "better neighborhoods." In a sense, the Negroes helped by protest have been those who never wanted to be Negroes. Americans who would point to the occasional Negro in his $30,000 suburban home or his sports car and say, "He made it," should have met the Mississippi lady of color who said to me in 1962: "The food that Ralph Bunche eats doesn't fill my stomach."

The South is not some odd, unique corner of this nation; it is super-America. The Negro is not some "minority group," but a microcosm of the excluded. A white boy may sit with me watching the President on television, and think: "I could be President." No such thought would have occurred to this black boy or any other. In fact the white boy is wrong: he doesn't have much chance either of becoming President. Unless he has money, the right contacts or education, he too will be excluded. Racism is real enough in the United States, but exclusion is not based on race. There may be proportionately less Negroes than whites among the included; and Negroes are, of course, "last to be hired, first to be fired." But the number of excluded whites is vast. The three criteria for upward mobility apply brutally to black and white everywhere.

Let me make one thing clear: I am not saying that the goal is for Negroes and other excluded persons to be allowed to join the middle-class mainstream of American society as we see it today. Aside from the fact that at least some Negroes don't want that, such inclusion is impossible under present circumstances. For a real end to exclusion in American society, that society would have to be so radically changed that the goal cannot really be defined as inclusion. "They talk about participating in the mainstream," said a Brooklyn College faculty member recently at a teach-in on the antipoverty program, "when they don't realize that the mainstream is the very cause of their troubles."

STOKELY CARMICHAEL, *24, received his B.A. in philosophy at Howard University in 1964. "My claim to fame, if any," he writes, "is that I am a field secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee."*

Education is one major form (and means) of exclusion; politics is another. Who plays politics in this country? People who have one of the three qualifications for inclusion. They tell us: "Register to vote and take over the political machines." But this is farcical; the only people who take over the machines are other political mechanics.

If there is doubt about the existence of exclusion from politics, the passage of the 1965 Voting Act should have established it. That legislation passed only because most Americans had finally recognized that such exclusion did exist. Readers familiar with the congressional challenge of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party will remember the exclusion – political and even physical – experienced by that group of Southern Negroes. But most Americans do not see that the Voting Act hasn't solved the problem. Recent reports of the Civil Rights Commission and other groups point up the need to send more federal examiners and to inform Negroes of their rights if the Act is to be meaningful. Yet the attitude of the Justice Department suggests that the government is not yet willing to take the initiative necessary for registering Negroes who are not already free from fear and aware of their rights.

Prescription of the Qualified

The three criteria mentioned here – money, who you know, and especially education – are what people mean when they use the word *qualified*. After the Watts uprising, committees were assigned to study the causes and make recommendations. These were composed of the "experts on Negroes," the "qualified." I am not opposed to the presence on such committees of intellectuals and professionals, or merely making a parallel objection to poverty boards which don't include the poor. My objection is to the basic approach, which excludes the unqualified.

Again, the Southern Negro is not unique but a microcosm. He has been shamed into distrusting his own capacity to grow and lead and articulate. He has been shamed from birth by his skin, his poverty, his ignorance and even his speech. Who does he see on television? Who gets projected in politics? The Lindsays and the Rockefellers and even the Martin Luther Kings – but not the Fannie Lou Hamers. That is why it was so important to project her during the MFDP challenge. Sharecroppers can identify with her. She opens up the hope that they too can be projected, because she says all the things that they have been saying to themselves – but she is heard. Mrs. Hamer's significance is very different from Dr. King's. One hears white people say of Dr. King: "He is so intelligent, so articulate." Of Mrs. Hamer they say: "What a beautiful soul" – implying, that she lacks analytical intelligence. To some extent, and sadly, Mrs. Hamer has come to accept this

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vision of herself. Those who know her and others like her, feel that her intelligence is just as great and her analysis as sharp. But Dr. King has one of the three qualifications – education. This is no criticism of the man, but of the society.

When SNCC first went to work in Lowndes County, Alabama, which is 80 percent Negro by census figures, I – a "qualified" person by virtue of my college education – used to say to the black people there that they should register to vote and then make their voices heard. They could assert their rights, take over the power structure. This was the prescription of the qualified. But these people said they didn't want to do that; they did not think they could; they did not even want to enter a machine headed by George Wallace. To them politics meant Wallace, Sheriff Jim Clark and Tom Coleman, who had been accused of the murder of Jonathan Daniels. To them the Democratic Party didn't mean LBJ, but a crew of racist bullies and killers. Entering politics meant, until last summer, confronting the tools of Wallace: the county registrars who had flunked Negroes consistently for years.

They asked if something different could not be created. They wanted to redefine politics, make up new rules, and play the game with some personal integrity. Out of a negative force, fear, grew the positive drive to think new.

Organized Freedom Parties

SNCC's research department provided the tool: the possibility, under an unusual Alabama law, of a group of citizens in any county becoming a political party in that county by running candidates for county offices and getting 20 percent of the vote. Having done that, the county party can go on to become a state party by running candidates for state office and polling 20 percent of that vote. Thus, educated people (SNCC research) suggested an answer by providing the *information*. But the Alabamans had known what kind of way they wanted to take. They needed to be given confidence and to be told how to do it.

Local "freedom parties" are now being organized in 10 counties stretching across Alabama's Black Belt, with plans to do this in 12 more counties. Together, they contain 40 percent of the potential state vote. Given the Flowers-Wallace contest, which must come, the balance of power could lie with those counties. But the true excitement of this development lies in what it means for the people themselves.

The meetings of the executive committees of these county parties are open. The parties will hold county conventions and draw up platforms in April of 1966. Later, candidates will be nominated who must support those platforms. In conventional politics it is the candidates who spell out the platform (*i.e.*, make promises); in Alabama candidates won't have to out-promise each other, but simply represent.

Right now, workshops are being held to prepare for the future: 150 black Alabamans have already learned about the duties of a county sheriff and a tax assessor, with more to come. Very few citizens anywhere in this country know what such duties are.

Some say it is romantic to place faith in "the masses" as a force for radical change. But the people who say this are the "qualified." Alabama Negroes are beginning to believe they don't need to be qualified to get involved in politics. People long accustomed to self-contempt are beginning to believe in their own voice.

Others might say we are leading the black people of Alabama down the road to frustration. Perhaps power politics will eventually overwhelm the freedom parties and the would-be Negro sheriffs. But there are reasons why this might not happen in Alabama. In counties with Negro majorities, there could be a black sheriff elected next year. Even a Governor Wallace will have to deal with him. SNCC learned from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party experience that the Southern Negro doesn't have to cast his lot with the national Democratic Party in order to be recognized as a force which must be dealt with. The Johnson Administration pushed through the Voting Act on the assumption that Negroes would automatically line up with its party. But their allegiance is not quite guaranteed. In New York they cast crucial votes for Lindsay, and in the South both Democrats and Republicans are now vying for the Negro vote.

I have hope for this nation. But it is not based on the idea of an American consensus favorable to progress; James Baldwin's idea of the Negro as the conscience of the country is closer to the truth. The majority view is a lie, based on a premise of upward mobility which doesn't exist for most Americans. They may think the government is at least dealing with basic problems (racial injustice, poverty), but it cannot solve them when it starts from the wrong premise.

The status quo persists because there are no ways up from the bottom. When improvements within the system have been made, they resulted from pressure – pressure from below. Nothing has been given away; governments don't hand out justice because it's a nice thing to do. People must struggle and die first: Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney, and, in the county where I am working, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo and Jonathan Daniels.

President Johnson's concept of the Great Society is preposterous. The definition comes from him, as does the means of entering that society. Excluded people must acquire the opportunity to redefine what the Great Society is, and then it may have meaning. I place my own hope for the United States in the growth of belief among the unqualified that they are in fact qualified: they can articulate and be responsible and hold power.

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A Very Old Party

by John Lehmann

In *Cakes and Ale*, the narrator, purporting to analyze the secret of the great reputation of Edward Driffield, the Hardy-like novelist Somerset Maugham had invented, came to the conclusion that "what the critics wrote about Edward Driffield was eyewash. His outstanding merit . . . was his longevity. Reverence for old age is one of the most admirable traits of the human race and I think it may safely be stated that in no other country than ours is this merit marked."

It seems to me a near certainty that the glamor of longevity, of *having survived*, was an extremely important element in the extraordinary reputation that built itself up around Maugham in the last two decades of his life. In the first obituaries to appear in Britain, his death has been treated as the death of a Great Writer. And yet, while waxing lyrical over his "ironic sense of the human comedy," his "mastery of technical means and ends," his superb skill as a story-teller and his "capacity to probe life to its very depths," the obituarists have betrayed an uneasy feeling that perhaps a large part of his reputation was, like Driffield's, "eyewash."

This schizophrenia among the critics is by no means new. In *Enemies of Promise* (published 1938), for instance, Cyril Connolly, while treating Maugham as a sage and a key figure in modern writing, has to admit that there is something wrong with his prose as an example of the vernacular, colloquial style. "The vocabulary is flat," he points out, and the figures of speech with which his paragraphs are peppered, "while not yet officially clichés, are phrases so tarnished as to be on the way to them," they "rattle like peas being shelled into a tin."

Maugham's reputation, in intellectual circles, went up and down like the fever chart of a malarial patient, at one moment the awe-struck enthusiasts appearing to gain the upper hand, at another those who dismissed him as unworthy of serious study. What never varied, ever since the publication of his novel, *Of Human Bondage*, in 1915 (by which time he had become a successful and fashionable playwright), was an enormous public eager to gobble up his books and add to his fortune.

It is only fair to say that Maugham himself had few illusions about his own limitations. *The Summing Up* must be one of the most candid books ever written by a popular author about his gifts and achievements. "I had no ambition to be a stylist," he wrote. "I know I had no lyrical quality . . . poetic flights were beyond my powers." "I made the best of the very limited powers given to me by nature." "It is impossible that my work should have the intimacy, the broad human touch that the great writers alone can give." What he believed was valuable in his own capacities was his gift of story-telling and his power of observation – without moral judgement. "I could put down in clear terms what I saw. . . . It seemed to me I must aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony." And in making that confession he pointed to his debt to the French civilization in which his earliest years were passed. There was undoubtedly an element of truth in the claim, made at one time, that he was the "English Maupassant." The amoral attitude, the clinically dry observation of his human specimens were novel, even revolutionary in his own country when he started to write.

At the same time, I am inclined to think that too much has been made of his training in St. Tomas' Hospital as an influence on his writing. He certainly took an immense interest in the work of a house surgeon, but surely because the dispassionate analytical view already appealed to him temperamentally. One of the greatest romantics in the whole of world literature also underwent his training in a hospital: John Keats.

Will Maugham be read as widely and as keenly in fifty years' time as he is now? A contemporary, even a much younger contemporary, is likely to make himself ridiculous if he answers such questions too confidently. One can, however, try certain definitions, or elimination tests. I do not think there is much doubt that the great preservatives of authors' reputations are, first, style; second, imagination; third, wit (or hu-

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How the children have changed! Rapt we stare
  At flickering lost Edens where
  Pale infants, squinting, seem to hark
To their older selves laughing in the dark.

And then, by the trellis in some old Spring –
  The seasons are unaltering –
  We gather, smoother and less bald,
Innocently clowning, having been called

By the cruelly invisible cameraman.
  How silently time ran!
  We cannot climb back, nor can our friends,
To that calm light. The brief film ends.

JOHN UPDIKE

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mor). How often has one said, or felt, that such-and-such a writer's plots creak, characters are wooden, moral judgments are hopelessly dated, but that his work is nevertheless redeemed by his marvelous style, creative use of language; or imaginative intuition about states beyond the rational and the everyday; or by his absolute wit.

Now, in the case of Maugham it is perfectly clear that the plea for style fails. Maugham himself, to a considerable extent, admits it. He did not outgrow his clichés – perhaps he did not give them a thought. *The Razor's Edge* (1944), which in many ways was the most seriously intended work of his later age, can offer almost as many specimens as his earlier works. Even the most tiresome, minor-prophetic later works of D. H. Lawrence, which have an obvious, exasperating design upon the reader, are en-ambered in a lyrical prose which makes one ready – or very nearly ready – to forgive the insistent Message.

Imagination? There is nothing of poetry in Maugham, no transcendence, no perceptive vision such as makes Kipling, for instance, so much more than the recorder of an imperial moment in British history. He explored no hitherto concealed depths of human psychology, and such descriptions as there are in his works of the subtler yearnings of the human soul are entirely conventional.

Nor can one say that wit, in the sense in which it abounds in *The Importance of Being Ernest*, or even in Aldous Huxley's *Crome Yellow* or *Those Barren Leaves*, is a marked characteristic of his work. His disillusioned irony about human foibles is the nearest, it seems to me, that he gets to the distillation of a preservative fluid. It is always bitter, it always tastes of ashes. It was no accident, I cannot help thinking, that he originally wanted to call *Of Human Bondage* by a title chosen from Isaiah, *Beauty from Ashes;* nor that his narrator, his I-figure, more than once adopts the name of Ashenden.

Take the story *Red*, one of the first he wrote when he returned to the short story after the success of *Of Human Bondage*, and one of the first to have a South Seas background. The idyll of Sally and Red is about as near as Maugham ever got to rhapsodic description of young love. He wanted the reader to be carried away by the beauty of it, to point up the grotesque irony of their failure to recognize one another when they are both old and fat and coarsened by life. They are his Haidée and Don Juan – or he would like them to be. And he nearly brings it off; but if read carefully there is something almost embarrassingly tinselly and meretricious about the high romantic passages. "Here love had tarried for a moment like a migrant bird" – "the fragrance of a beautiful passion hovered over it" – "his mouth was like a scarlet wound," – etc. etc. No, it won't do as the prose of a Master; but it *will* do as an after-dinner story by an extremely skillful raconteur who has seen a great deal of the world – and seen through it.

Maugham has frequently been admired for his surprise dénouements. And yet, though they administer an effective dramatic shock, they never disturb on any profounder level. His originality, his power of holding the reader's attention, consists largely in putting conventional stories in exotic settings. The basic plots of the stories in *The Casuarina Tree* are really magazine clichés. They are saved from being nothing more than that by their Eastern colonial trappings, by the cunning twists of their unfolding, and by the remorseless cold irony of the story-teller's eye. And when Maugham allows a slight twinkle to creep into that cold eye, it is nearly always cruel; as in the portrait of Alroy Kear in *Cakes and Ale*. There is an underlying indifference to human suffering, a bluntness of sensibility in the secret service adventures of *Ashenden*. It is distasteful; but it is not the point. In the introduction to that work, Maugham wrote:

> "It is quite unnecessary to treat as axiomatic the assertion that fiction should imitate life. It is merely a literary theory like any other. There is in fact a second theory that is just as plausible, and this is that fiction should use life merely as a raw material which it arranges in ingenious patterns."

In the making of those ingenious patterns Willie Maugham was never at a loss. When all criticisms have been made on other aspects of his work, this particular power of his remains indisputable.

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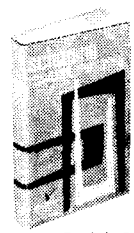

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Psychiatry Comes of Age

by Joost A. M. Meerloo

When a science is in the throes of finding itself, of trying to get its bearings, in short, of growing up, writers on all sides are quick to jump on the bandwagon and get busy explaining to professional people and laymen alike exactly what is going on. It is not my task here to go into the curious aspects of the publication explosion we are enjoying in psychology and psychiatry. But I can show you a remarkable trend.

The Woman in America
by Robert Jay Lifton
(Houghton Mifflin; $6)

Love and Orgasm
by Alexander Lowen
(Macmillan; $7.95)

Magic, Faith and Healing
by Ari Kiev
(Free Press; $7.95)

Psychiatric Justice
by Thomas S. Szasz
(Macmillan; $6.95)

Had I used the term *eclectic psychiatry* some ten years ago, my colleagues would have looked down their noses not only at me but at all the other men working in the vineyard without benefit of orthodox principles. Only in the past few years has it begun to dawn on these esteemed colleagues that they might have overlooked a thing or two – that perhaps this very eclecticism, this careful sifting and selecting of theoretical standpoints, can prove effective in providing a key to man's curiosity about man.

The moment a scientist begins to doubt the value of theories as exclusive tools of assessment – as our physicists are now doing – he begins to look around for other probabilities to diminish the chances of failure in his observations and deductions. With newly acquired horse sense he begins to play ball with his problem.

I realize that we do not suffer from a shortage of magic-minded perfectionists who would dearly love to solve the mysteries of the universe instantly in one glorious direct hit. The eclecticist dares to venture into the unknown and climb the long steep path without the crutch of a theory.

Another thing that has given tremendous impetus to the process of maturation psychiatry is undergoing is the surprising but pleasant innovation of making oneself understood by using more understandable language. Scientific jargon has been used in the past to hide ignorance of the unknown behind a curtain of sophisticated labels and the feeling of awe inspired by unfamiliar words. Happily, in recent years books have taken a giant step forward by becoming clearer and simpler.

The Woman in America, a book that came out of a symposium for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, is a good example of the new multiple "cluster" approach to a topic we are all interested in – woman's place in the maelstrom of social change. People of different plumage and diverse schools of thought, each an authority in his own field, air their views. In many parts it is a sheer delight to read.

The volume's able editor, Dr. Robert Jay Lifton of Harvard, utilizes the comparative method in studying both the Japanese and the American feminine way of life. Erikson in his "Reflections on Womanhood" describes in sparkling style the symbolic distinctive characteristics between male and female – the male being more directed towards outer space and the life of exploration, the woman more involved with inner space, with the immediate, and the life of emotions. To the extent that the body determines the most important functions for both sexes, it is destiny.

Among the other chapters, Diana Trilling's essay on "The Image of Woman in Contemporary Literature" stands out because the creative writer is so much more capable of shaping the image of actual problems, long before the man of science can catch up. Further along, there is Riesman's comparison between the past generation and the present one.

On the whole, we will not find all the answers in this book to the questions that plague us. The book does not pre-

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tend to be definitive. For me its variety of enlightened glimpses and new approaches add up to the optimistic impression that woman and her partner man, for all their built-in or self-made troubles, have the potential for a rich emotional life.

Lowen's book on *Love and Orgasm* covers quite another domain of psychology, namely the ways in which sexual energies are wasted or bound up in bodily tensions and psychological rigidities. The author shows how the propagation of sex without love, which is the battle cry of so many "sex techniques," is a fallacy. Sexuality is different from mere sensuality; it is the maturity of mutuality. "One cannot," writes Lowen, "overemphasize the importance of respect in the sexual relationship."

I must admit that I started to read this volume with my own prejudiced misgivings in full array, since the author hails from the Reichian school – that black sheep of psychiatry. But the reading turned into a positive learning experience. There is so much misinformation and confusion in regard to the function of healthy orgasm, no matter how intelligently people may talk about it. While there is a greater abundance of sexual opportunity for interested parties today, it seems there is less ability to obtain the full measure of joy, satisfaction, poetry or even ecstasy that the sexual encounter promises. This, in a nutshell, is the theme of Dr. Lowen's book. I have known many people, high school youngsters among them, who were possessed by the idea of having sex for the sake of sex, a daily advertised illusory compulsion, without being ready for it in mind or in body. Inspired by updated fairy tales of romance or the promise of total fulfillment, people go right on seeking out sexual encounters while hidden fear, guilt and aggression seethe within them. Small wonder that there is no hint of a joyous Eros anywhere around.

More often than not, sex is used as a soothing agent for inner desperation, as a tranquilizer or a means of acting out a naïve promiscuous hunting instinct. The youngsters are out to prove something to themselves – their potency, perhaps, or to assure themselves they are approved of. So they go through the motions and imitate fantasy sex heroes, but there is little substance in it – little sharing of feelings in a bond woven not only of mutual abandonment but of mutual responsibility as well. Each strives to lose his identity in the other, instead of becoming a more ecstatic self. In all the modern advertising for more sexual outlets, the cult of delay and renunciation, which is part and parcel of our cultural heritage, is completely forgotten.

Magic, Faith and Healing also emphasizes the expanding interest of psychiatry – away from the myth of "nothing but chemistry." It takes a close look at man's various attitudes regarding sickness and death. Here anthropology and sociology can help the clinicians out of their dilemmas. What is looked upon as illness and abnormality is quite differently defined in different societies. Even subcultures use their own particular standards. As an example, a girl in New York might call a boy *neurotic* and only mean by that remark that she doesn't like the poor fellow. In another connection, a man may be sick and walking around with the most murderous impulses inside him, with no detectable pathological symptoms showing – until the blow-off.

In many ways, illness is much more a social-cultural problem than it is a medical one. Especially in psychiatry, but in general clinical medicine as well, the environment determines what symptoms will be accepted by others and what will not be accepted. Drug addiction is much more related to the pusher and the existence of criminal seduction and hypocritical laws than to circumscribed pathology within the individual. The same is true when it comes to alcoholism or homosexuality.

Value conflicts, alienation, being caught in a web of mechanical communication, loss of self in a robotizing technological society – all these produce so much discomfort and fear that

COMING

Capote's Murder Case

by Stanley Kauffmann

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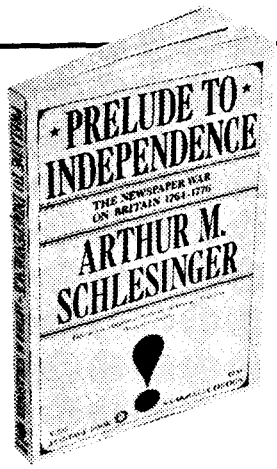

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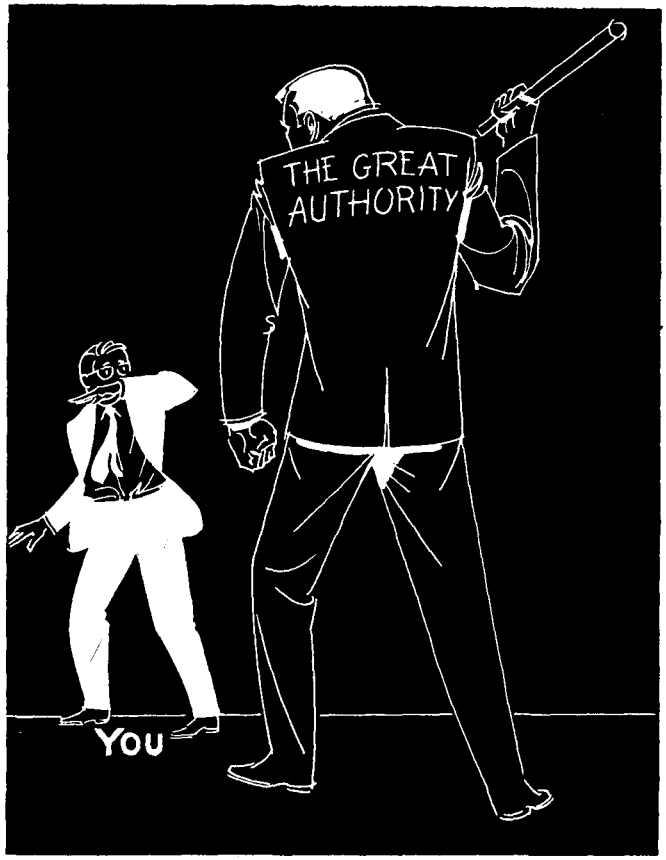
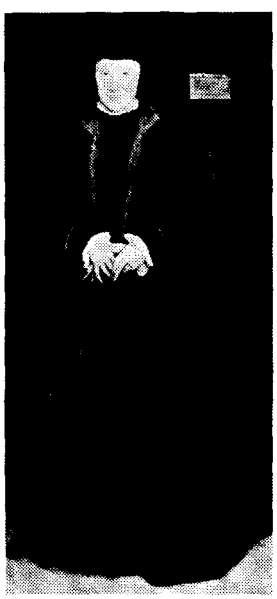
For instance, consider the six sample "verdicts" here quoted.



"Listen, ignoramus; as a special favor I'm teaching you to appreciate art, so let's not have any back-talk from you about what you *think*. Understand?"

[Taken (mainly for their brevity) from innumerable similar ones in the "course for art appreciation" published by one of America's greatest museums.]

To the man who has retained his freedom of thought, the barest glance (see "The True Facts" adjoining) in-



1 HOLBEIN

"This portrait . . . is the only one to use composition as a means of expressing an individual personality . . . the feeling we have that here is a real person, a person of great reserve, of acute intelligence — a subtle woman, a most attractive but not quite approachable one . . . What is it about the picture that suggests this personality? It is largely a question of arrangement; it is a matter of her pose and the placement of the figure in space. . . . *If the figure were truly centered it would relay to us the impression of a much more foursquare, more obvious, more everyday woman.*"

2 PIERO

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3 VAN DER GOES

"His face is filled with joy and reverence and almost with fright. He dares lean no closer, but his eyes start with *wild curiosity* as he strains forward. *No head in the history of painting, of any period, surpasses this one in psychological revelation, through explicitly realistic representation."*

THE TRUE FACTS

Verdicts 1, 2 and 3 are wrong not only because the character readings are so obviously one-man whimsies, but also because scientific studies (as well as police experience) have long since proved that a man's character cannot be read from his face.

Verdict 2 is also wrong in stating that one short line can be 'abstractly beautiful.' "Who ever heard of a musician falling in love with B flat?" asked the famous painter, John Sloan, very aptly.

As to Verdict 4, careful experiments among qualified men have shown that scores of lines, attitudes and relationships could be altered without disrupting the balanced harmony at all.

Verdicts 5 and 6 have no apparent purpose except to awe the amateur and make him realize how ignorant he is compared to the "great authority."

To nine men out of ten (by actual test) the effect of running is very well conveyed in the cot picture. And that the fancy "standards" used to censure the Benton are pure humbug becomes evident as soon as you try to give them *really practical* application either to the Benton picture or to any others.

However, much worse than the mere wrongness of these verdicts is that they confuse and frustrate great masses of people, who, when they find themselves totally unable to respond to art works in the way they "should", conclude that art is "not for them".

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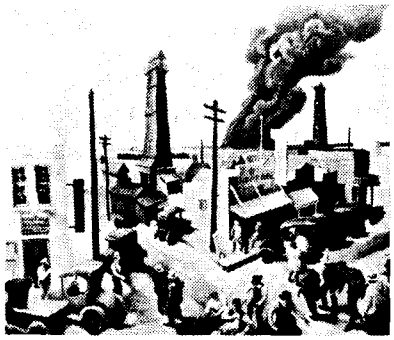
stantly reveals that they are either highly dubious or (more often) actually nonsense.

Such a man is the exception, however.

Much more frequently found is the man who has gradually become so subservient to what he thinks is "established opinion" — often out of mere laziness and inadvertence — that he accepts these verdicts almost automatically. They are expressed in the same pretentious and sophisticated-sounding language that he observes everywhere and he takes for granted that such language is somehow inherent in art. He has become callous to nonsense, sometimes for life.



5 BOOM TOWN, BENTON

"The artificiality of his style seems out of key with the folksiness of his subjects, leaving us with the feeling that although he wanted to get to the heart of his material he managed only to observe it from the outside and record it inappropriately."

6 THE STORM, COT

"For all the signposts such as billowing drapery and bodily attitudes pointing out that the figures are supposed to be running, *there is no expression of flight. The lovers remain forever on tip-toe.*"

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4 EAKINS

"As a group the five men and two little girls . . . compose a frieze of rhythmic unity and variety that should be impossible, or at least disharmonious. . . . *Yet there is not a line, an attitude, a relationship that we could change without disrupting the balanced harmony.*"

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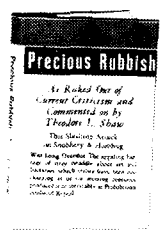

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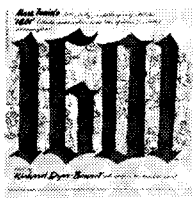

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many people have to escape into hypochondriasis and the gluttony of self-indulgence in order to get the emotional protection they can no longer find in their culture.

Szasz, in his book on *Psychiatric Justice*, hammers away at another frontier of psychiatry. If I understand him correctly, he reproaches the profession for the fact that many of his colleagues have taken the reality of their labels – sickness - normal - abnormal - irresponsible – as a semantic substitute for their understanding of the human being. While being educationally coerced by their *pre*-judices, they sit in judgment on others called *patients*, with a rather limited understanding of the issues. It was not so very long ago that a large segment of the profession stuck its collective neck out by pinning an emotional psychiatric label on a Presidential candidate, with no information to go on, without any investigation – acting against all professional ethics.

Dr. Szasz gives examples of miscarriages of justice where the psychiatrist unwittingly became the handmaiden of the lawgivers who, in turn, were not clear about what they really wanted to ask the "expert." I realize that many of my colleagues have been angry about Szasz' writings, instead of being grateful for his challenging criticisms. When you read the cases in this book, with the sloppy handling and blurry defining of psychiatric principles and concepts before the courts, you have to admit that Szasz is right to attack the self-righteous cockeyness of a discipline that throws labels around without regard to the personal tragedy behind each label.

The evil, to be sure, lies in the strange bewildering machinery of justice that has only recently begun to take cognizance of the rights and dignity of the individual. How paradoxical it is that we hate those whom we have treated unjustly! In our technological era, the power of the so-called expert is often way beyond his limited knowledge. He is much more a part of a bureaucracy than he is a true lover of wisdom. This is the message Szasz is trying to impart.

Hammett's Heroic Operative

by Leonard Moss

Dashiell Hammett's popularity faded fast. During the thirties he was acclaimed by the public; his work was admired by Sinclair Lewis, Robert Graves, Somerset Maugham and André Gide. By 1944 Gide complained, "I seldom hear his name mentioned." Now Lillian Hellman, his companion for thirty years and literary executrix, has reissued five of the six novels – *Red Harvest, The Dain Curse, The Maltese Falcon, The Glass Key,* and *The Thin Man* (the edition does not include *Blood Money*).

The Novels of Dashiell Hammett
Edited by Lillian Hellman
(Knopf; $6.95)

Hammett faded partly because his reputation rested largely on *The Maltese Falcon* (1930), commonly supposed to be his finest work. Countless followers, notably Raymond Chandler and Mickey Spillane, imitated it; a motion picture and a long-running radio series about Sam Spade dramatized it; Modern Library republished it; and *aficionados* from Howard Haycraft to Ellery Queen celebrated it. But *The Maltese Falcon* is *not* Hammett's best novel; it is probably his worst. Judged even by the lenient standards of mystery fiction, its characters are parodies of Hammett's blend of romantic adventurousness and stoic coolness. Sam Spade, with his struggle to restrain raw, primitive power ("his thick sloping shoulders writhed under his coat"), his virtuoso facial control (at moments of stress his features turn "wooden," "placid," "bland," or "lazy"), and his gruff, awkward speech (only *The Thin Man* has more insipid dialogue), spends most of his time posturing in the self-conscious manner that was to be duplicated by a generation of Hollywood gangsters. The suggestions of heroic inward struggle are ludicrous: "Spade's smile flickered out at the instant of the impact, but returned immediately with a

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dreamy quality added." Little actually happens until the conclusion; why the narrative has been called fast-paced is itself something of a mystery.

In contrast, *Red Harvest* (first published in serial form in 1927), is rapid, direct, and without pretension. Hammett calls upon understatement and short-syllabled (though not profane) underworld cant, but avoids tough-guy affectations. Perhaps the first-person perspective allowed him to direct his attention outward to crisp dialogue and quick action: "He ordered me into a bedside chair with a two-inch jerk of his round head, chased the secretary away with another, and asked: 'What's this about my son?' " A sentence form built on a sequence of parallel verb phrases marks an almost flippant style:

> "We missed the garage door by half an inch, chased a couple of pedestrians diagonally across the sidewalk, bounced off the curb into the roadway, missed a truck as narrowly as we had missed the door, and dashed out King Street with our siren wide open."

His Continental Operative, though nameless, middle-aged, unglamorous, and fat, performs magnificently through a succession of murders. The numerous killings – at least twenty-nine – in the appropriately-named town of Poisonville have led some readers to the mistaken notion that the novel is merely an exercise in sensationalism. "I regard *Red Harvest* as a remarkable achievement," Gide declared in a dubious compliment, "the last word in atrocity, cynicism, and horror."

But this misinterprets the unorthodox "Hammett definition" of detective fiction. Many of Hammett's short stories and novels were published originally in a popular detective magazine, *Black Mask*, whose contributors during the twenties and thirties introduced melodramatic plots and police procedures to the traditional detection format. The new fast-action – or "hard-boiled" – style differed radically from the intellectual – or deductive – form established by Poe, Émile Gaboriau, Conan Doyle, and G. K. Chesterton. The conventional tale focused on the investigator's mental prowess; the later variety stressed the detective's ability to survive physical engagement with the criminal. Hammett had worked for eight years with the Pinkerton Detective Agency before his career in writing; in his stories he saw crime not as a completed history to be attacked with the mind, but as a dynamic activity to be countered with force as well as cunning. The situation presented by Poisonville in *Red Harvest* does not permit a purely rational procedure. "Plans are all right sometimes," the Op explains, "and sometimes just stirring things up is all right – if you're tough enough to survive, and keep your eyes open so you'll see what you want when it comes to the top."

With all the violence, though, the process of identifying the killer is at least as important as pursuing and apprehending him. Whatever the carnage, however breathtaking the chase, Hammett's most noteworthy character, who appears also in *The Dain Curse*, *Blood Money*, and twenty-five short stories, remains primarily a puzzle-solver. When not "just stirring things up," the Op adapts venerable investigative concepts to modern police methods. He painstakingly collects facts. He goes to the street, not to the study or the laboratory, fortified by familiarity with criminal behavior, by his wit, courage, endurance, luck. In the field he depends upon careful observation: so elementary a detail as the shape of a man's ears or the precise relationship of several intersecting avenues may be crucial. He obtains information by surveillance and by questioning anyone remotely associated with the crime. Finally, he often seeks help from other private operatives, from hotel and police detectives, from hired informants, from taxi drivers and railroad employees.

These techniques would be worthless, however, without the Op's ability to deduce the relevance of information and to exploit errors or weaknesses while in direct contact with his adversaries. "Many devices of 'scientific' detecting are excellent when kept to their places," Hammett has said, "but when pushed forward as infallible methods, they become forms of quackery, and nothing else. . . . The chemist and the photographer and the rest make excellent assistants to our old friend, the flat-footed, low-browed gumshoe, but he's the boy who keeps the jails full of crooks in the long run." Having the

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professional gumshoe's pride in his work ("it's a job I like, and I'm going to do it"), the Op manages to function efficiently without a show of esoteric knowledge or dazzling logic, on one hand, and without idealistic declamation or adolescent self-consciousness, on the other.

Dashiell Hammett cannot through any generosity be considered a complex author. It would be fatuous to search for profound ethical, sociological, or psychological implications. His contests between good and evil, if temporarily complicated by the criminal's machinations, usually turn out to be simple enough; and the Op, if unsentimental, is unwaveringly honorable. Yet Hammett satisfies the perennial desire to witness a bold, resourceful hero corner and defeat an evasive villain. His Continental Operative, undistinguished in speech and weatherbeaten in appearance but grand in performance, enacts a contemporary mode of masculine assertion.

ART

By the Beautiful Sea

It's hard to think of the ocean as a 19th-Century invention, what with all those Phoenicians, Norsemen and Spanish armadans ploughing about in it for so long before that. "The Seashore: Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries," at the Carnegie Institute Museum of Art in Pittsburgh, says in its title that such is the case in art and the catalogue essay, by the director of the museum, Gustave von Groschwitz, traces the arrival of the sea and its shore into general European and American consciousness beginning very faintly in the 18th Century and really flowering from the first decade of the 19th Century until today.

The show is beautifully put together from every point of view. Geographically, it opens in England and France, where, at Brighton and Dieppe, the first modern consciousness of the sea dawned. It covers the channel coast thoroughly, the Riviera and North Africa. On our side, the show goes from Nova Scotia to Cape May, touches Bermuda, Nassau and New Orleans, takes in the San Francisco Bay Area and notes in passing our relations with both oceans of South America, both the reports sent back by North Americans from the Hudson River School in search of wilder climes, and, more recently, work by South Americans themselves on their own coasts.

What artists make of the seashore is endlessly varied and the theme is revealed in the show to be one of the basic and enduring ones of all modern art. Constable at Weymouth Bay painted freshly and sparklingly the low water and high sky and the hills around the bay as eternal realities against which the handful of fisherfolk seem ephemeral and accidental. Turner confronts the breaking of a storm on the shore, with skittering whites along the swelling waves, the air full of spray, everything confused and surging and shining in darkness. In a very short time, Boudin, Monet and Manet are discovering that the beach has changed. The city world, instructed by Constable and Turner, have come down to the sea and are walking about the strand in stove-pipe hats and pipe-stem trousers. Boudin contains the newcomers nicely within the vastnesses of sea and sky. But Manet and Monet record that the flow of fashion along the beach has somewhat transformed nature into background. Leaping seas and decades, Reginald Marsh is capable of painting Coney Island without a drop of water or a grain of sand visible, yet the seashore sprawling and sweating in every stroke, in every carelessly draped limb.

Such has been the socialization of the sea during the period as seen in art. Art itself contributed to the process, as surely as religious art at various times contributed to the evolution of religion.

But the seashore has also been immensely attractive to the artist as hermit. Winslow Homer is the great example, but there are many others, no-

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tably John Marin, and, to this day, Karl Knaths. But the act of hermitage, whether religious or artistic, is itself a social act. Constable and Turner, Manet and Monet, turned to the sea as to an endlessly fascinating and provocative subject. Homer's residence on the Maine Coast is something else. It is some kind of comment upon and rejection of the urban society, just as the hermits of the Theban desert were violently rejecting the society of the late antique world. Not many of the artists in the 19th Century were true solitaries in the manner of Homer. Often an artistic community, an anti-city, as it were, came into being, as in Maine, Cape Cod, the Jersey and California Coasts. Almost invariably, too, the world originally fled from has followed the artist to his solitary refuge and transformed it into a branch of the city.

In recent years Easthampton, Long Island has provided compelling history in compression of the relations between art and society at large. That whole end of the island, although it nourished some of the American impressionists, has been resort country for a very long time and by the 1950's contained, over the native culture, an old, thriving colony of New York's upper East Side. In that decade the area also began to become the summer headquarters of the abstract expressionists. In the sociology of art, this was an extremely important turning point in the history of the isolated artist. The isolation was over. The artist, and quite specifically the advanced artist, traditionally the most isolated of all, was coming back from isolation and seeking out the society he had foresworn. This reestablishment of friendly relations between art and society may turn out to be the single most important legacy of abstract expressionism, and it was essentially another chapter in the 19th- and 20th-Century history of art at the seashore.

The structure of the exhibition at Pittsburgh suggests strongly that the artistic and the more general discovery of the sea is closely related to the rise of the modern city. The sea became increasingly a refuge from or a reasoned response to industrial civilization. You can hold, and it is perhaps the obvious conclusion to reach, that until man had invented his ghastly modern city he felt no particular need to invent the seashore as a pleasant antidote, that once he found himself surrounded by subway trains and taxis, neon and Con Ed, he had to turn to the sea – or to the mountains – simply in order to remember that he was human and more deeply than human, organic, not mechanical, not electronic, not entirely a programmed input-output.

It's a reasonable reading, but there is an alternative and I myself, being basically cheerful no matter what, rather incline to it. This is that only in modern times, neon and all, has man been able to get back to the sea from which he came. You don't do it as a fisherman, the work's too hard. You can do it in a way as a sailor, but that is a different thing, being all the way out on the sea. What is needed is the contemplation of our source, the sea, and that can only be done on the beach. And it couldn't be done at all until the city had begun to sponge up the agricultural world, to create large social classes capable of earning some leisure and getting down to the sea to use it in sport and contemplation. This, also, is a great motif in the show at Pittsburgh, the rapt contemplation of the sea as the life-force. This is what sighs in Winslow Homer and Walter Stuempfig, and sings sweetly in painters as different as Edward Hopper and Balcomb Greene.

For one viewer, the message of art and society in the seashore show at Pittsburgh was that modern civilization, in seeming to destroy nature has also given us back much more of it than most people ever knew in the old days. That's why the exhibition couldn't begin before 1800.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Lehmann, *editor of* The London Magazine, *is author of* The Whispering Gallery *and other books.* John Updike's *newest book,* Of The Farm, *was recently published by Knopf.* Joost A. M. Meerlo *is a New York psychiatrist and the author of several books in his field.* Leonard Moss *is on the English faculty of Harpur College.*

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TELEVISION

The Networks on Vietnam

If a camel is a horse made by a committee, then NBC's *Vietnam, December, 1965*, was a camel. I have no particular wish to pick on NBC. The major efforts of all three networks on Vietnam seemed each in turn a document on how not to make a documentary. The Vietnam crisis is the first major confrontation since the end of World War II in which the substantive problem has crystallized into a question of morality versus immorality. It is a situation in which the networks have been given an unprecedented opportunity to analyze all points of view, dissecting them to show their logical flaws, setting them in relief against a broad political and social complex. But instead the networks have given us a catalogue of clichés whose net effect is only to freeze the polarization of existing attitudes.

On program after program, we are given the official line of advocates pro or con, couched in either the gobbledegook of government handouts or the jargon of protest. The lack of intelligent questioning only solidifies the rationales of the proponents of either view about the war. Be it CBS's *Vietnam Perspective* or NBC's *White Paper*, no sophisticated attempt has been made to explore beneath the surface. Since the networks have abdicated their responsibilities, millions of viewers choose between two simplistic questions: do we continue to drop napalm on innocent children or do we stand by and watch Red China, like Nazi Germany, run amok? It hardly seems necessary to suggest that the Vietnam crisis is far more complicated than these two questions imply.

What is missing from all the Vietnam programs is the single voice of a detached, tough-minded observer, cutting beneath the cant to subject every alternative to miscroscopic criticism. Such a voice would not have let go the statement of an Army brigadier to Walter Cronkite last summer to the effect that the Viet Cong were "bums" because they did not stand and fight; these "bums," it should have been pointed out, had taken the most powerful nation in the world to the mat. This absence of a powerfully schooled and disciplined judgment ready to contradict rote opinions has turned the television documentary into a puff of nothing. By resorting to documentaries by committee, television accomplishes nothing more than the careful, mutual cancellation of facts and views.

All the vices were evident in *Vietnam, December, 1965*. NBC wheeled out its biggest guns – Chet Huntley, David Brinkley, Frank McGee, Sander Vanocur – and the end result was zero, probing none of the dilemmas about the war, questioning none of our easy assumptions about it. On the corporate level, the show began with a stunning lapse of taste in its choice of sponsors. I doubt if even the most diabolical humorist would have segued from a shot of a dead American soldier to a commercial for Dial soap, from a rice field rank with the smell of death to a golden girl on a country club tennis court and then to her shower where she sensually luxuriates in her lather. *Score one for the Viet Cong.*

To be sure, the show was visually striking. It is hard to erase from memory the shot of a soldier removing a dead comrade's weapon from under his body. Moments later, we marched down a road with a group of GI's past three signs staggered Burma-Shave fashion:

DON'T BUNCH UP
OR YOU'LL BE PICKING
THE FRAGMENTS OUT.

If ever there were any doubt that this guerrilla action had turned into a computer war, it was dispelled by a scene in an airborne control center with a television monitor showing the battlefield below. On the ground, the cameras panned in on General William Westmoreland talking to troops after a battle in one of those symbolic rituals which pass for communication among the military. "Where you from, son?" "Kansas, sir." "What sort of weapon did you use?" "M-14, sir." "Hit anything?" "Hope so, sir." It reminded me of those books about Napoleon that I read when I was a child: "Ah, Leclerc. You were with me at Austerlitz."

One expects television to excel on this visual level, but one hopes that a documentary can serve as comment as well. *Vietnam, December, 1965*, like its predecessors on CBS and ABC, was an hour-long no comment. The same faces were trotted out, the same petrified dogma. It is too much to suppose that any interrogator can fluster Dean Rusk or Arthur Goldberg. They are, after all, professionally trained to parry an embarrassing question with a banality or a non-sequitur. But their words were taken at face value; there was no effort to add a judicious observation.

Similarly, with the anti-war representatives, there was a total absence of hard questioning. When Mr. Sanford Gottlieb volunteered that it was "rubbish" that the anti-Vietnam demonstrations could prolong the war, no one said that the weight of impartial diplomatic evidence tended to refute his view. Nor did anyone add that though the demonstrations might make negotiations more difficult, they are both the pride and the price of a free society. Again, we were told by a University of Wisconsin dissident that there could be "no self determination of peoples in an oligarchy that does not represent the views of the people. Let the people settle the questions themselves." No

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voice suggested that had the Geneva Accords been followed through, there was room for doubt that "free" elections could have been arranged, that the stakes might have been too high for either side to have allowed them. No one reminded us of the extermination of an estimated 10,000 political dissidents in North Vietnam, which accounts for, in the ironic words of Professor John Roche, former national chairman of the ADA, Ho Chi Minh's "high standing in the hearts of his people, that consensus which some observers have found so moving."

Only Chet Huntley tried to put the demonstrations in some perspective, suggesting that the peace movement was a legacy of the death of John Kennedy. The demonstrators, he said, felt that Kennedy was above war and politics, that Vietnam was Lyndon Johnson's abomination. That the demonstrators might feel this is an interesting idea, but one that merited further examination. The buildup in Vietnam was, in fact, begun by the Kennedy Administration after Maxwell Taylor's mission to Saigon in 1961. If the path blazed by JFK was turned into a superhighway by Johnson, the escalation still began its inexorable climb under the late President. This is a fact which the peace movement might choose to ignore, but one that Chet Huntley can scarcely afford to. One can only wonder if the apotheosis of John Kennedy has reached the point where legend is allowed to obscure fact.

But there is no shading from the network committees in this year of the camel, only blacks and whites. I can only wish that the networks would allow a troubled man to ask the troubled questions. Is there not a voice to examine the whole question of morality in Vietnam? Can nations act morally or does expediency confer morality only after the fact? What is national honor and does it oblige a nation to meet brutality with brutality, inhumanity with inhumanity? Will the Vietnamese peasants be better off under a regime in Saigon than under Ho Chi Minh? There are no easy answers. Perhaps there are no answers at all, only decisions to be made. But for the networks to ask the questions is at least an attempt to thaw frozen attitudes. So far, they have not.

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

Correspondence

Our French Policy

Sirs:

I was interested to read Roger Masters' suggestion for a pro-French policy (December 4). It has much to recommend it and is especially welcome coming as it does after the stream of criticism that we have directed at de Gaulle for failing to be a good American. Perhaps US blessing for a *Europe des patries* is not such a bad idea: opposition to French nuclear plans seems useless in the long run, and the reorganization or even elimination of NATO should no longer be a terrifying prospect and well might reduce tensions in Europe.

And then again perhaps not. As I read Mr. Masters' arguments, I was struck by the possibility of the pro-French scheme working out to the great advantage of Germany. I take it that Mr. Masters would compensate Germany for losing both her status as our favorite Continental power and the prospect of direct control of nuclear arms by promises of help in achieving unification. If the French, however unlikely, were to take this task seriously and bring it to a successful end, would not Germany very soon come to overshadow France within this new Europe? German nuclear armament, which we would have set out to avoid, could then hardly be prevented.

A German led Europe may also be worth considering, and there is no reason to let factors that influenced our attitudes in 1914-17 and 1939-41 prevail now. The position of the USSR in Eastern Europe would seem to present a check to the establishment of a full-blown *Mitteleuropa*, or at least one with much of an eastern sector. The prospect of the Germans having the controlling voice in the European community undoubtedly has its problematic side, but it is certainly no longer a moral issue and not even a clear threat to our national interest.

I did not wish, however, to comment on the value to the US of a Europe directed by Germany, but rather to suggest that the pursuit of a pro-French policy that helped Germany to reunification as a compensation very well might have German ascendancy as a result. It should be added that a pro-French policy that did not include German reunification might well turn Germany to Russia.

Our European policy is indeed at a crossroads. The possibilities are many and need to be explored carefully. It was good to see Mr. Masters offer a new approach, whatever its difficulties.

David B. King
Oregon State Univ.

Lost Indians

Sirs:

Reading James Ridgeway's "More Lost Indians: A Trip to the Sioux Country" (December 11), I had the feeling that I was encountering discussions based upon the monograph, *Formal Education in an American Indian Community* by Murray L. Wax, Rosalie H. Wax, and Robert V. Dumont, Jr. . . . It is published by the Society for the Study of Social Problems and may be ordered from its office in the Department of Sociology & Anthropology, Northeastern University, Boston 15, Mass.

Murray L. Wax
Lawrence, Kansas

Modest Proposal

Sirs:

While ruminating about the foreign policy of the United States with my colleagues at the Faculty Club, a better answer to the problem of war and peace occurred to me. Because the idea is so simple, so uncomplicated, I rush to tell you so that *NR* may be the first to

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And finally, when all this commotion in the new literature abroad was paralleled by a new crop of American books like *Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs, *$100 Misunderstanding* by Robert Gover, *City of Night* by John Rechy and *Last Exit to Brooklyn* by Hubert Selby, Grove presented them to the American public.

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phy of Malcolm X, which *The New York Times* has selected as one of the best non-fiction books of the year; *The Olympia Reader* edited by Maurice Girodias, an anthology of the selections from the pioneering Olympia Press, a compendium of some of the best writing that has ever been censored; *The Night Clerk* by Stephen Schneck, winner of the $10,000 Formentor Prize, which *The New York Times* picked as one of the best novels of the year; and *The Marquis de Sade* (with *Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom* and other writings), the first complete and unexpurgated works by the famous Frenchman ever published in the United States.

And in the next few months Grove will publish *Barbarella,* the French comic strip for adults that's too grown up for France; *The Story of 0,* perhaps the most famous underground classic of this era; *491,* the book that inspired the Swedish movie recently forbidden entry by the U.S. Customs; William Burroughs' new novel *The Soft Machine,* and a book by the Swedish doctor Lars Ullerstam which has caused a storm of controversy in Europe, a bill of rights for *The Erotic Minorities;* plus many more.

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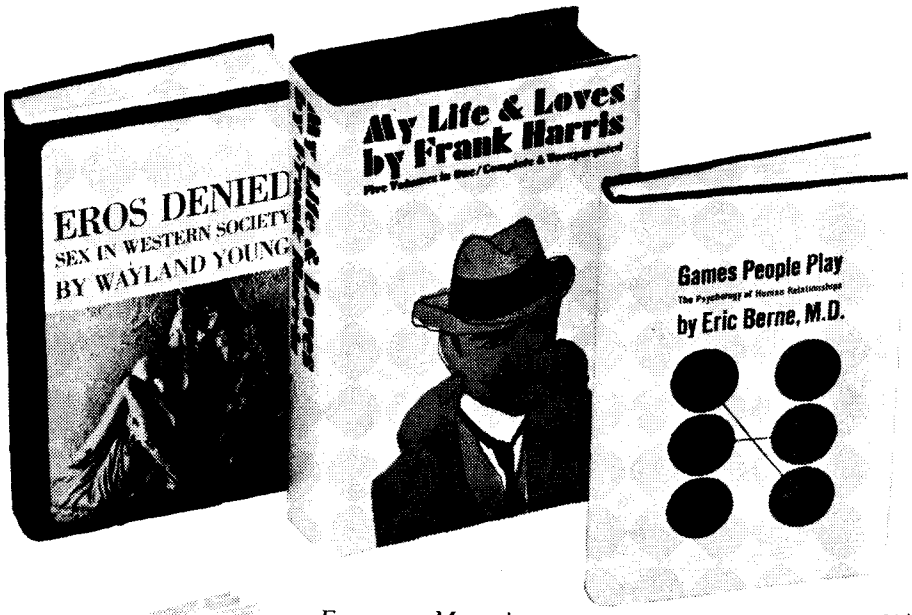

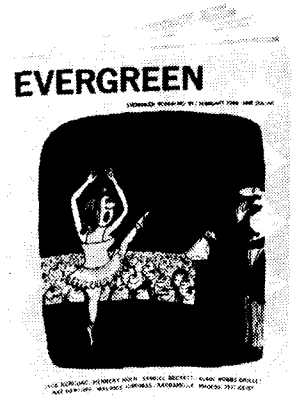

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I propose that in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and in supporting international treaties it shall be agreed that "no one may serve or be drafted for military service until he has reached the age of 65." This does not deprive any nation from having an army, navy or air force. It avoids debates about the draft and deferment. It circumvents international conferences on disarmament. It leaves patriotism intact. Consider the advantages of this proposal.

If it were adopted we would end all the arguments as to whether 18 year olds should be allowed to vote. We would lessen the graduate school bulge and decrease hasty marriages. For many we would avoid sudden fatherhood to avoid the draft and perhaps among the young decrease the world's population by postponing parenthood. As for draft card burning and public self-immolation, an old codger does not create the same public sympathy as a youth with so much of life ahead of him.

Consider other advantages. Large armies would only be possible where longevity was a national statistic. Underdeveloped countries could then spend their limited resources to improve public health so that they could then join the armed nations. Think of Kashmir, Malaya, Indonesia – how much the conflicts would be eased by such a world policy. Even the Vietnamese problem would be solved without negotiations.

Then, too, such a policy might change our political oratory. Mr. Nixon, when he reaches 65, could enter West Point and after graduating at 69 he could lead a charge against North Vietnam rather than advocating a policy for the young to carry out. Graduates of West Point, Annapolis and Colorado Springs would have to be promoted faster if we are to have admirals and five-star generals not in wheel chairs.

Of course the draft at 65 would have to be universal with no exceptions if the armed forces are to be of any size. This would mean that Boards of Directors could not sit back and enjoy the profits of war industries, but would be at the front lines. Editors, journalists and members of the Freedom House as well as congressmen would put their services where their mouths are.

Best of all, war would become more humane. No long marches and no long campaigns. There would have to be more rest periods. Tea would be served every afternoon. With senior citizens, neither the army, navy, nor air force could be certain of hitting the targets. War would be more relaxed, more fun, more of a game.

What dismayed me was that none of my fellow full professors liked this idea. They much prefer the present system.

Frederick L. Redefer
New York University

Modern Times in Phoenix

Sirs:

In your issue of November 6, an article entitled "Modern Times in Phoenix" by Andrew Kopkind was erroneously generous to me as the "one first rate member of the Legislature." I do appreciate being singled out for excellence, but I must report to you that there are many extremely able people in the Legislature this year, in fact a better crop than I have witnessed in my seven terms in office. Justice would dictate that they be given recognition in addition to Mr. Kopkind's kind comment about me.

John H. Haugh
Arizona State Legislature

Trusteeship for Vietnam

Sirs:

Yes, there is an alternative to withdrawal in Vietnam and to escalation. . . . We could honorably and wholeheartedly support an international trusteeship of a united Vietnam under the United Nations. This was an idea President Roosevelt had in 1945. . . . How else can free elections and security for the Vietnamese people be assured? Trusteeship for 25 years is a short enough time to try to make up for the turmoil of the past 100 years.

Patricia M. Leiper
Walnut Creek, California

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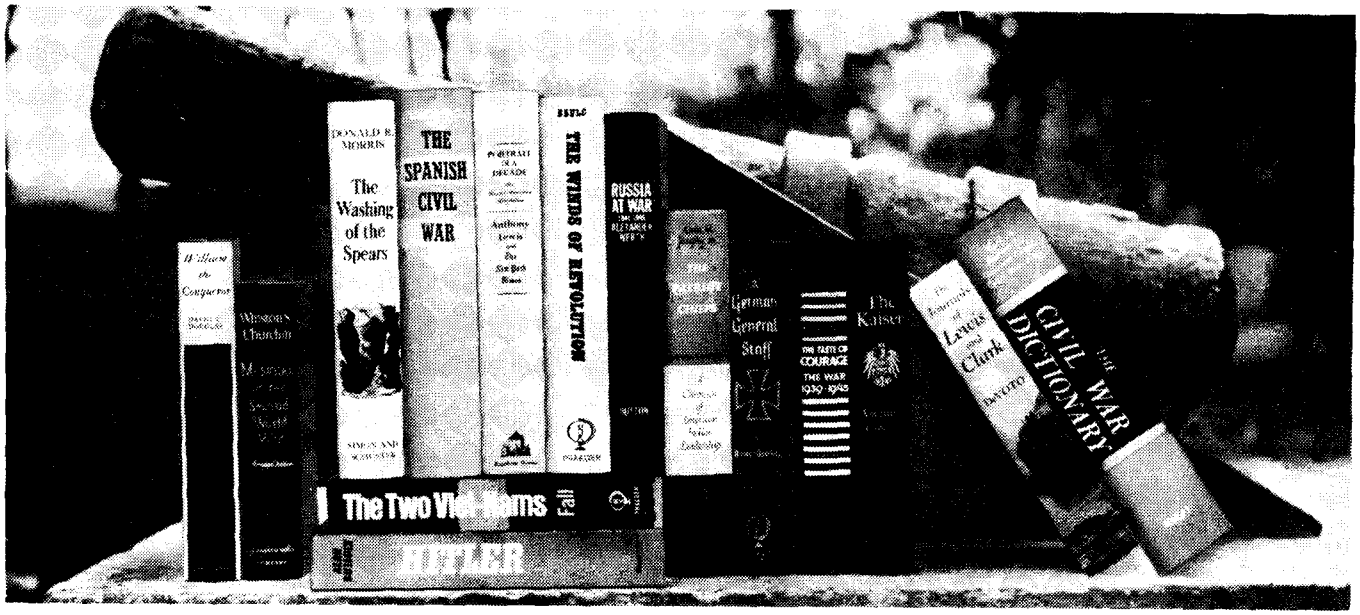

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